CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI OFFICER

***ILYA EHRENBURG** discovers a fascist diary.*

JANUARY 11
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NEW MASSES

15¢
In Canada
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ART YOUNG
1866-1943

***"The Four Freedoms—
Maybe More—
Yes, and Teheran."***

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: "Free Speech for Fascists?" A Symposium: *Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Don Luigi Sturzo, Heinrich Mann, Carl Murphy, Rabbi D. de Sola Pool, Vida D. Scudder, Howard Fast, Peter V. Cacchione, Mary E. Woolley, Lewis Merrill, Mrs. David de Sola Pool.*

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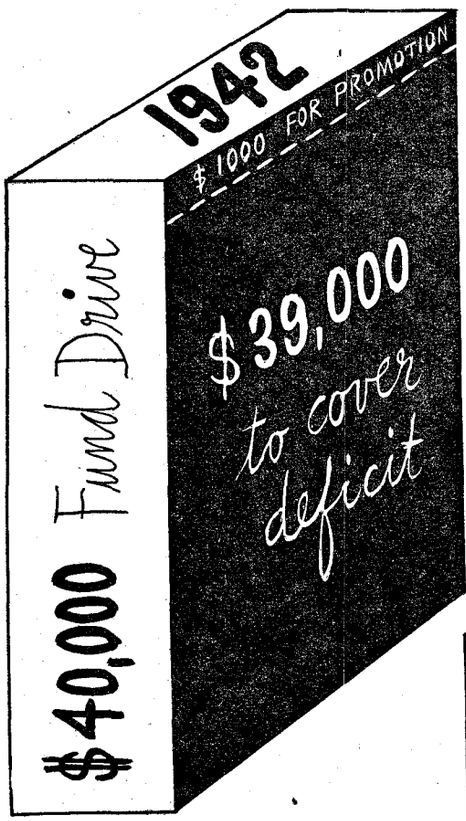
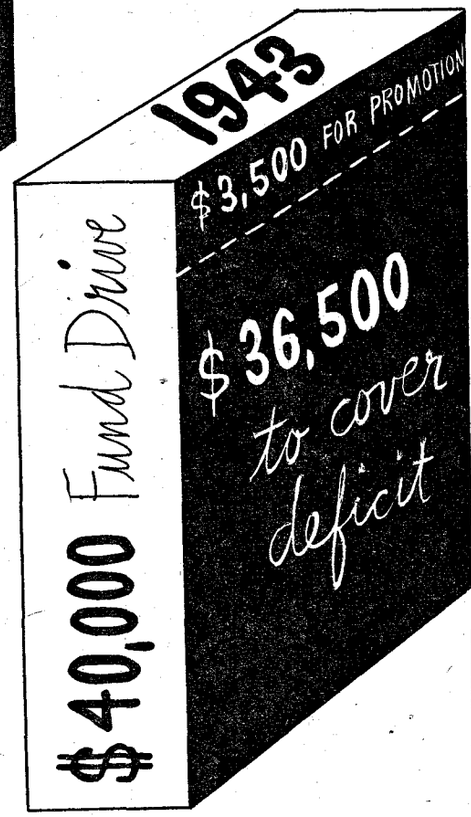
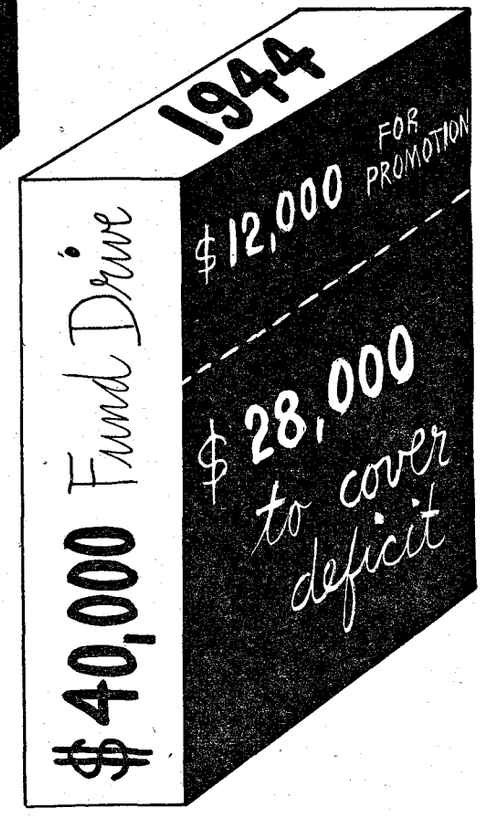
*Annual Report to our Stockholders







OUR DEFICIT IS MUCH LOWER DUE MAINLY TO INCREASED CIRCULATION. WE ARE HOWEVER SHARPLY INCREASING OUR PROMOTION FUND. TO REACH LARGE AND NEW AUDIENCES, WE ARE THEREFORE AGAIN ASKING FOR $40,000

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WE REPORT TO YOU

DEAR READER:

This is the time for our annual report to the stockholders; to you who make this magazine possible. The report this time is one of encouragement: it will be no balm for Westbrook Pegler or William Randolph Hearst. The magazine stands on a firmer financial basis than ever before. During the past year circulation increased materially; we maintained our budget. In short, we made 1943 lay the basis for a real banner year, 1944, which marks the completion of our first ten years as a weekly publication.

To those of you who are welcome newcomers to our fold of readers a word of explanation is due. This is a magazine of a special sort. A publication such as NM, written truthfully, pulling no punches, cannot live on its advertising income. And it is advertising that makes the wheels of the commercial press go round. Consequently NM must, in the main, rely on income from subscriptions and newsstands. But no magazine in America has ever been able to exist on these items alone. Either they have advertising or they have angels. We have no single, gold-plated angel—no millionaire to stake the magazine to its inevitable deficit. But we do have thousands of little angels—our readers, those of you we call our stockholders. If you had not given generously—and we know some of you were ready to give the shirt off your backs—NM would never have been able to continue another week. Your help was—is—decisive.

You made, for instance, a success of our circulation drive these past four months. Yes, we actually secured 4,758 subs in our goal drive toward 5,000. All to the good.

You made our financial drive last year a success. We needed $40,000 and you sent in $42,287.

On the other hand, we did our part in making ends meet. We did this despite the increase in general costs—for example, the paper dealers hiked prices up twice, to a total increase of over 15%; engraving went up 18%. Among other items we believe you should know, the War Labor Board permitted, and we passed on, a wage increase of four cents an hour to our staff. (Not much, but greatly appreciated.) Yet we shaved costs; our staff was reduced; we expended less on cables; we moved to headquarters where the rent was lower; we cut here and there enough to make a substantial saving. For all these reasons NM stands on firmer ground than ever before.

We have good plans, we are certain, for 1944. Editorial projects of the sort that are needed to streamline a win-the-war publication to maximum. You will be apprised of these projects in due time. They relate to the drive for victory, both abroad and at home. They deal with the crucial election of '44, the most vital in our nation's history. Truly, the magazine has a big job this new year. It is a real challenge—the greatest of our times. But with your aid we believe we can meet it.

We plan to extend our subscription circulation, which yields better results than newsstand circulation that demands two copies on display for every copy sold.

We plan to achieve this with your continued help by extending the special circulation-building staff that we tried out so successfully in 1943. These sub-getters, representing a sizable investment on the part of NM, have done a notable job in increasing our list of steady readers. We will, therefore, expand this type of promotion work in 1944 and are allocating the major part of our promotion funds to this purpose.

To conclude: despite increased costs of material over 1943 we will not increase the amount we requested last year. Our budget requires $40,000 to meet our deficit, and to carry through the plans for increased effectiveness in 1944.

We ask that $30,000 of this amount be in our hands by May 1, 1944; and that we receive $10,000 more in pledges that can be realized later in the year. We urge your help to make this a rapid-fire campaign, so that it need not drag on into the late spring, taking up valuable pages needed for editorial matter.

We face the New Year with confidence; we know the road to victory will be hard and that the enemies of democracy are making their greatest assault. But we are confident that with your help NM will be at its parapet, doing its part.

Joseph North.

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CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI OFFICER

BY

ILYA EHRENBURG

Moscow (via Inter-Continent News)

LIEUTENANT K. F. BRANDES of the German army was killed on October 24 on the right bank of the Dnieper. A diary was found on him. I have seen many diaries of German officers and soldiers. They were all identical records of looting, drunken sprees, and executions. Lieutenant Brandes' diary differs in this respect. It is written by a clever and educated man. Brandes was a doctor of historical sciences and a man of letters. Different from his colleagues in service he did much reading and thinking.

Brandes was a fascist. He calls the conquest of Europe the "German Spring." Like his colleagues he came to Russia for *lebensraum*. But as distinct from other Hitlerites Brandes saw the limit of his dreams. He faithfully described the disintegration of the German army, showed the meanness of the men who are still ruling Germany. I will cite the most interesting excerpts from his diary:

July 1. It will take us a long time to recover from the winter losses. The situation in Germany proper is difficult. I choke with rage when I recall all the stupid assertions made during the last years. We fell for our own propaganda. Now we are staggering just as in the first world war. The beginning was a wonderful German spring rising over Europe. This is all behind now.

July 6. Yesterday I saw the beginning of our offensive north of Kharkov. Officers from an SS Division were astonished at the pessimism prevailing in our division. These officers drink, organize sprees, while our men frequently do not get enough to eat. SS looting is seizing everything from local inhabitants.

July 12. Americans are landing in Sicily. This is quite uncheerful news. A battle now rages in the Belgorod and Orel areas. There are heavy air raids on the Rhineland. Our country is being devastated. I cannot sleep thinking of this. Is this the beginning of the end? Fortunate indeed are the idiots and the deceived. But understanding is growing. The mind constantly notes symptoms of doom.

July 17. Yesterday saw the beginning of a great Russian offensive on a sector our division is holding. Everywhere the Russians succeeded in wedging into our positions. My 466th Regiment was originally in the rear as a reserve. By midday the situation became grave and we were pressed into action. Awful confusion prevailed all day long. There are orders and counter-orders. Even a company of recuperating soldiers has been thrown into battle.

July 21. Early this morning the Russians launched strong attacks with tanks. I succeeded in calming a handful of our infantrymen and forced several artillerymen to return to their guns.

July 23. Losses are very heavy. I have never seen such devastating fire. Oh, if only we had our army of 1941! In seven days we lost 119 of 246 men. In addition thirty-six were lightly wounded.

August 1. I cannot help thinking of our tremendous losses. In most cases we could not even bury our dead. The Italian tragedy is developing with unparalleled speed. Mussolini's fall is a heavy blow to us.

August 7. In the morning the Russians bombed our positions and passing SS units. It is a ghastly picture: the dead, cries in the ruins. These bombings recurred every two to three hours on all roads.

August 8. Bad news. We surrendered Orel.

August 15. It is nonsense that the war may last four more years. I am gripped by a mad fury passing into hatred for our rulers. We have all forgotten how to laugh.

August 23. This morning the Russians were jubilant in their trenches. It turns out that we have surrendered Kharkov. One more heavy blow. And the bombing of Germany continues.

August 24. Everybody is depressed at the new bombings of Berlin.

September 1. This drama which began four years ago is now becoming a tragedy. The British have landed in Italy. Orel and Kharkov have been followed by Taganrog. Again Berlin has been bombed. Our retreat continues.

September 5. The population is being evacuated from here. What a pity that the grain in the fields remains unharvested! Potatoes, corn, sunflowers, pumpkins. Millions of homeless are now roaming the roads in Germany.

September 7. We surrendered Alavyansk. It looks as though we will lose all the eastern Ukraine along with the Donbas. Neither will we succeed in retaining the Kuban bridgehead. What we now are losing we will never regain.

September 8. Civilians have been evacuated from the village. Barley, oats, rye, and wheat have been threshed but can't be shipped out. It would last Berlin for a whole year.

September 9. We will have to lose the Donets. Who could think that the Russian offensive would prove so successful! Just received news about the unconditional surrender of Italy. The last act of the tragedy has begun. What an end after such triumph! We should have long ago ousted our incompetent politicians. We are paying for their stupidity and haughtiness. Hitler is an amateur in almost every field. Apparently he has poor knowledge of people. Goering is perhaps the most popular. He is not a dogmatist but a man with common sense. But he is walking over corpses. An idea of Himmler's beliefs and aims may be gained from his appearance. Goebbels is

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sly but he is a nonentity—a backdoor politician. Funk is not entirely Aryan in appearance. He is clumsy and ugly. His light-mindedness and affected optimism are one of the reasons for our trouble. Ley resembles Funk in appearance. He suffers from vaingloriousness and self-adoration. He is apparently a chip off the same block. Ribbentrop is a true gentleman of the Third Reich but unquestionably poorly educated and bred. Parvenu.

September 10. Villages are ablaze everywhere. What a misfortune that we could not hold this fertile region. At Lozovaya we saw the chief—von Mackensen. He too was not particularly calm. When Russians tried to break through he lost command of himself. I rarely saw such confusion.

September 12. The 62nd Division has been completely routed.

September 23. There is a disastrous retreat here and not a glimmer of hope in Italy. I feel like knocking my head against a wall and want to scream from rage. The light-mindedness and the mediocrity of our rulers who are suffering from megalomania are to blame.

September 27. Got to Dniepropetrovsk just as it was being evacuated. Much trouble. There has been large-scale blasting work. Yesterday the Russians seized a bridgehead on our bank of the Dnieper and for two days have been repulsing our strongest counterattacks and inflicting heavy losses.

September 28. Russian artillery very strong and smashes everything. There are only a handful left of the First Battalion. (There are almost more staff officers in the ranks than privates.) There are twenty-nine soldiers left in the battalion.

September 29. Received the first company. In the afternoon there were terrible cries, the front was breached, all units rolled back, and finally panicky flight. Stationed in a small village I have tried without success to stop the fleeing men.

October 3. I am now in command of the first, second, and third companies. In reality they total no more than thirty men. I have never before heard our wounded swear like this.

October 6. Yesterday reinforcements arrived at last and I formed a new company. We have thirty-five men including ten officers and one commanding officer. Almost all are middle-aged.

October 15. Soldiers of the fifth year of war are almost impossible to force into attack. Zaporzhe surrendered.

October 22. The Russians are shelling us. We can't lift our heads from our holes. By the end of the day the Russians breached our right flank on a wide front. About a hundred Russians are entrenched in our rear. The Dnieper is in the east and south and retreat to the west is out. Just received orders to abandon everything that cannot be taken along. This means retreat again! This is the limit. There is a limit to everything. Oh, these idiotic politicians who in the fifth year of war make such suffering for our people! Unfortunate Germany!

BRANDES realized that the fascists' dream had scattered. He called the seizure of Poland, France, the drama of Germany's doom—a tragedy. To us the doom of Hitlerite Germany is the triumph of conscience, reason, and light and therefore we read the confession of the enemy with profound satisfaction. ILYA EHRENBURG.

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ART YOUNG'S LONG ROAD

The life and death of a great cartoonist and great American: 1866-1943. A people's artist whose roots lay deep in the life of his country. By Samuel Sillen.

Art Young's last New Year's card.

"WHEN my time comes," said Art Young, "I'll lay down my pencil and call it a day." It is terribly hard for us who loved him to realize that Art's time has come. Nobody could actually feel that he was seventy-seven and ailing. He was always in holiday spirit. That pencil he wouldn't lay down was as confident, gay, and incisive as the one he wielded back in 1911 when he began to work for the *Masses*.

We saw him last at the NEW MASSES annual ball just a few weeks ago. Art never missed the dance. And we in turn would always make a beeline for the balcony at Webster Hall. For we knew that Art was sure to be there with a firm handshake and a priceless word of encouragement. He felt at home with younger people, and we were proud to be with him. He was at once ancestor and comrade. At an editorial board meeting recently, we listened eagerly to him not only as our veteran but as our most enthusiastic recruit.

On the evening of his death, Art was mailing out his customary self-drawn New Year's greeting to his friends. I received my card an hour after I heard the distressing news over the radio. The card pictured Art hobbling along toward the sunlight over which was inscribed: "1944—Four Freedoms—Maybe More—Yes and Teheran." At the bottom were the words: "It's a long road, but now we are getting somewhere."

Art Young had been travelling that long road as a distinguished people's artist for a long time. His life spanned our history from Reconstruction to the second world war. He portrayed the progress of trade unionism from the Knights of Labor to the CIO. He followed with untiring enthusiasm the course of militant people's movements from the Populist Party to the Communist Party. Friend and co-worker of John Reed, he greeted the splendid dawn of a new era in the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 and celebrated its success for over a quarter of a century. There is a bold continuity in his indictment of social evil from the soulless trust to the barbarian fascist. His rich talent was wholly and unwaveringly dedicated to the common man of all countries.

"Still trying to cover the case." New Masses, Jan. 5, 1943.

ART'S roots ran deep in American life. Born on a farm in Stephenson County, Illinois, on Jan. 14, 1866, he grew up in Monroe, Wisconsin, where he began to test his powers by drawing caricatures of the leading citizens who gathered at his father's general store. At seventeen, he left for Chicago. When Art began drawing for the *Evening Mail*, the labor struggles of the eighties were reaching a climax. Vanderbilt had just told a newspaper reporter: "The public be damned"; and Jay Gould had boasted: "I could hire half of the working class to kill the other half." Art drew courtroom scenes of the Haymarket trial. Contact with social injustice had not as yet brought understanding or passion, but the seeds were planted.

In 1892, after spending some time in New York and Paris, Art returned to Chicago to work for the *Inter-Ocean*, a conservative Republican paper which began to publish Art Young as the first daily cartoonist in the Mid-west. It was in the course of covering the Republican convention of 1892 that Art first met Thomas Nast, the supreme political cartoonist of the period, whose mantle he was soon to inherit.

Art's political views matured in the next decade, when Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, and Upton Sinclair were exposing the evils of municipal corruption and monopoly.

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Around 1910 he began to regard himself as a Socialist. "It never occurred to me," said Art, "to be against socialism or any other theory because it originated in Europe. I felt that such an objection was just plain silly; that 'alien theory,' 'imported doctrine,' and such phrases of contempt were deliberately coined to discredit a growing cause. If this was good reasoning, I figured, why accept anything that originated outside of our own country?" Art felt stifled by the commercial atmosphere of *Puck*, *Life*, *Judge*, and the conservative newspapers; and he was glad to take "bracing constitutionals" in the *Masses* along with such distinguished artists as Boardman Robinson, H. J. Glintenkamp, Robert Minor, Hugo Gellert, Maurice Becker, and William Gropper.

His best known cartoon of those days shows a workingman just home from a day's work. As he slumps into a chair he says:

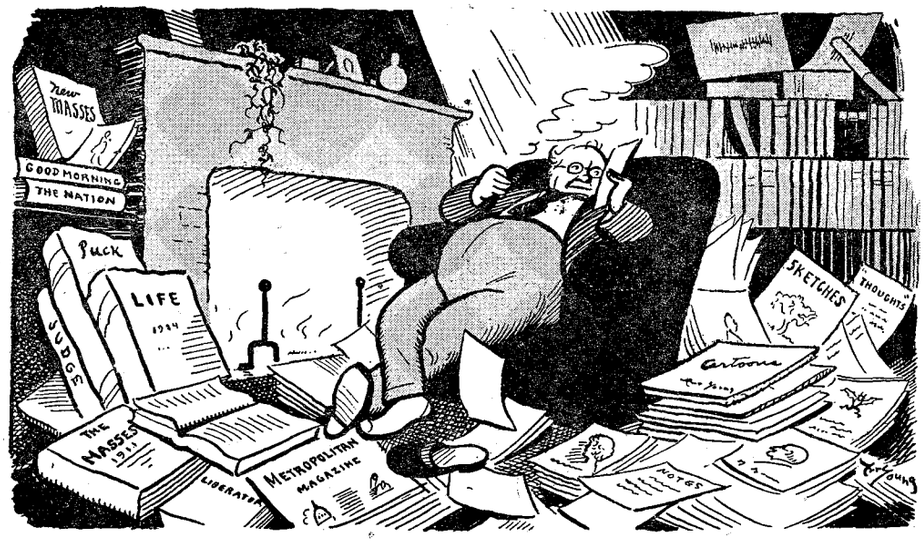
"I gorry, I'm tired!"

And his wife retorts:

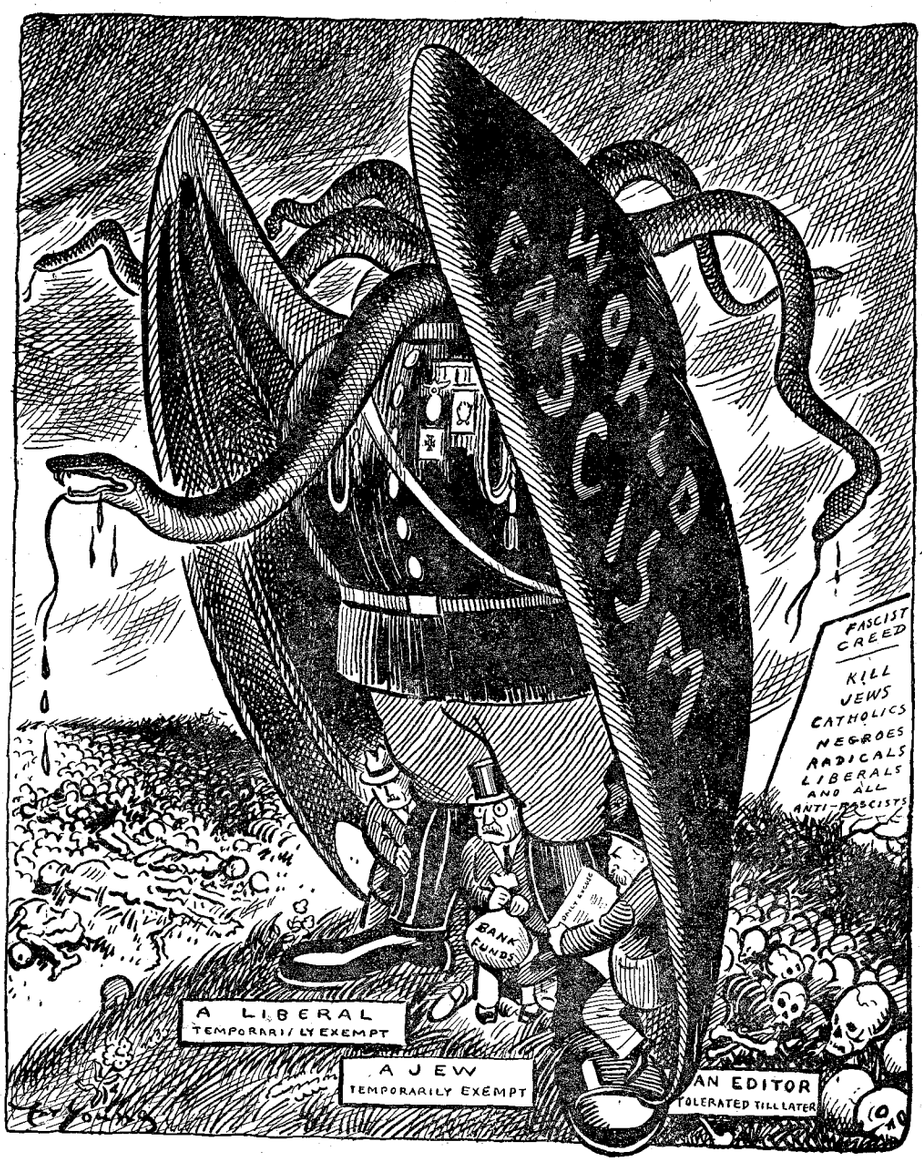
"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer."

IN 1912, as Washington correspondent for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, Art recalls in his autobiography, he saw enough lying and demagogy to turn him into a hopeless cynic; but he clung to his faith in democracy, and if his drawings of the period were frequently mordant, they were never cynical. In 1913 he illustrated his campaign speeches as Socialist candidate for the New York Assembly with rapid-fire drawings on big sheets of paper. Instead of being elected, he was soon indicted on a charge of criminal libel against the Associated Press, which he had pictured as polluting the news reservoir with fluid lies. In the course of the first world war, which the *Masses* and Art Young opposed as an imperialist war, he was again indicted. In both instances, Art came through with flying colors and a national reputation.

After the war, he edited a lively magazine named *Good Morning*, while continuing his association with the *Liberator*, successor to the *Masses*. In several volumes—*On My Way*, *Art Young's Inferno*, *The Best of Art Young*—he continued to say, in Heywood Broun's phrase, that "every exploiter should fry eternally for his sins." The presidentiad of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, the age of phony normalcy and fake prosperity ending in real disaster, offered endless opportunities for his damaging irony. When NEW MASSES was born, in May 1926, Art again joined up with such "energetic youngsters" as Mike Gold and William Gropper. In *Art Young: His Life and Times*, he writes: "Establishment of the enterprise gave me a sense of fresh hope. The pages of the NEW MASSES displayed vitality that



"Rounding up the memories." Art Young pictures himself in the living room of his cottage at Bethel, Conn. *New Masses*, April 11, 1939.



"The Monster's Instinct." *New Masses*, Dec. 15, 1936.

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was electric in its effect upon me, and undoubtedly upon other creative workers."

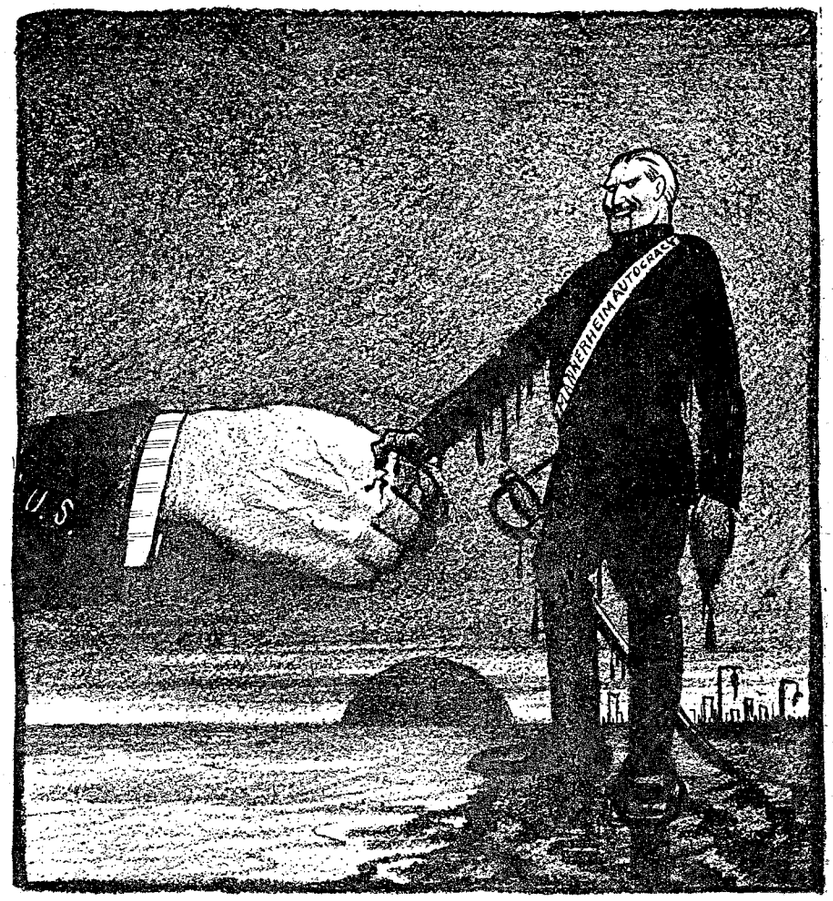
When Nazism appeared on the world horizon, Art rolled up his sleeves and hit out not only at Hitler but the anti-Semites and Munícheers of this country. He took his stand with the Spanish Republic. For China he expressed the most ardent sympathy. In his last days he read eagerly the news of Tito and Yugoslavia. Art was appalled by the anti-Soviet fanaticism into which the Socialist Party had degenerated under Norman Thomas. He felt strongly that the defeatism of the Thomasites, scheming against international coalition and national unity, had betrayed and wrecked his old party. He was drawn to the Communists by the devotion of their purpose and the clarity of their program.

Up to the last days of his life, Art Young kept clippings from the press in which he underlined the achievements of the Soviet Union, where his dream of socialism had been realized. A devoted friend of the Negro people, he grasped at every sign of progress toward the achievement of racial equality in this country. He cherished his old friendship for Communist Party leaders like Mother Bloor, Robert Minor, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of whom he speaks very warmly in his autobiography. He was incensed at the unjust imprisonment of Morris U. Schappes and the deportation order against Raissa Browder.

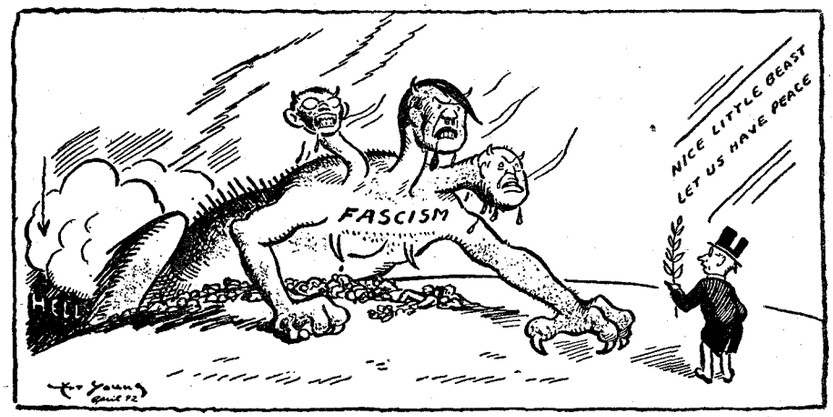
Of his genius as an artist others will write in these pages. Others who lived and worked with him in the old days will write more intimately of his past. I think they will all agree that this man was a good man, a man of the people, a great American. He had courage and he had a fighting faith. "Yes and Teheran," he wrote at the end, confident that the historic achievement of unity among the United Nations would insure that the greatest of human exploiters "should fry eternally for his sins." "A long road, but now we are getting somewhere," he wrote in his last New Year's greeting. At the end of the road he always drew a bright sun. Long ago he began to use that image. He used it to illustrate his friend Lincoln Steffens' immortal sentence about the Soviet Union: "I have seen the future and it works." He used it again on the eve of his death to celebrate the promise of Teheran. Inspired by his assurance, we shall forever picture Art Young marching bravely and cheerfully toward the sun. SAMUEL SILLEN.

★

Carl Sandburg, Ernest Hemingway, Rockwell Kent, Max Weber, Paul Manship, William Gropper, and Hugo Gellert are among the sponsors of a mass tribute to Art Young to be held at Manhattan Center, Thursday evening, January 27, under the auspices of NEW MASSES. *For details see page 29.*



Mannerheim's blood on Wilson's hand. *Liberator*, August 1919.



"Appease:—To quiet, pacify, conciliate—Webster." *New Masses*, May 5, 1942.

"'I Gorry, I'm tired!' "There you go. You're tired! Here I be a-standing over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer!" *Masses*, 1913.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Those Polish "Borders"

THE New York *Times*, in its pose as public defender of the Polish government-in-exile, last week published another one of those wily editorials in which the innocent are peremptorily convicted while the culprits are not even brought to account. That newspaper is crafty enough to acknowledge in its brief that the Soviet Union has a case in the matter of "territorial changes." But having made that admission, the *Times* tacitly insists that the Russians withdraw their just claims and assume sole responsibility for Polish violations of agreements with Moscow. Furthermore, the *Times* writes, the Kremlin must improve its attitude towards the Poles, now that the Red Army is rapidly moving westward, or Soviet prestige in this country will decline, jeopardizing relations with our Russian friends.

The *Times* contends that the USSR must immediately define its policy towards Poland lest Poles take up arms against Soviet military forces approaching Polish "borders"—a threat made not only by *Times* statesmen but by those who dominate the Polish government in London. One would assume from the *Times* that the Soviet position on Poland is an enigma—the customary riddle which the *Times* thinks exists about all matters Soviet. But if Mr. Sulzberger's foreign secretariat will consult the back files of his newspaper, that supposed mystery will solve itself in exactly thirty minutes of reading time.

First, there are the former Polish-Soviet agreements of July and December 1941—agreements violated by the Polish government when it withdrew its army from Soviet soil and when its representatives conducted espionage through relief agencies in the USSR; there is, in addition, a definition of Soviet policy towards Poland in the Czechoslovak-Soviet pact. But the best statement of Russian policy was the one solicited from Premier Stalin by the *Times*' own correspondent in Moscow, Ralph Parker. In reply to Parker's questions in May 1943, Stalin stated that his government desired to see a strong and independent Poland and that neighborly relations between both countries after the war should be based on mutual respect or, "should the Polish people so desire, upon the fundament of an alliance providing for mutual assistance against the Germans as the chief enemies of the Soviet Union and Poland."

The *Times* is more artful than the crude Chicago *Tribune*. But both would make the Polish situation a source of conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States. That development would have the warmest support of reactionary Polish emigre circles as well as of Polish officialdom. It is only through such discord that the Polish politicians, the vestiges of the Beck and Smigly-Rydz regimes, can return to Warsaw. There is no other avenue leading to their self-restoration to power. And it is, therefore, hardly a surprise that many Polish language newspapers published here under the intellectual supervision of the Polish government called the Moscow agreements another "Munich betrayal," a "sell-out" to the Russians. The Polish "issue," then, has quite naturally become the center of collusion and collaboration between anti-Soviet Poles and their American counterparts—from Hearst to McCormick to Senators Wheeler, Reynolds, Brewster, and Representative Sumner.

Interestingly enough this ugly fraternity would like to see Mr. Roosevelt defeated should he choose to run for the presidency again. And they are trying to make the Polish government a campaign issue. The *Times* also warns that the Polish-American community will not support the present occupant of the White House or his policies unless he bends completely to Polish tory will. This is a fresh form of blackmail to get the President to renounce what he achieved at Teheran, and his foreign secretary at Moscow. The fact is that many Americans of Polish descent support presidential policy and are organizing themselves to thwart the schemes of those Poles who are on a "destroy Roosevelt" rampage. These progressive Polish Americans, under the leadership of Rev. Stanislaw Orlemanski, have been forming branches of the newly founded Kosciuszko League to help the Kosciuszko Division fighting alongside the Red Army.

The *Times* is playing a reckless game which can only hurt the Polish people in a moment when they are facing their greatest trials.

Who Represents Bolivia?

THE costly error of hastily recognizing and thereby stabilizing the fascist coup of General Ramirez in Argentina last spring has fortunately not been repeated in the case of Bolivia. Secretary of State Hull is to be congratulated on his prompt acceptance of the suggestion made by Uruguay's able foreign minister, Alberto Guani, for consultation among all the anti-Axis American republics before any one of them recognizes an American regime which comes to power by force during the present war. But the period for thought and consultation which is thus provided can be used by both sides in making an appeal for public support. And in this country, at least, the most vigorous propaganda effort is unfortunately being conducted by Enrique de Lozada, the official agent in Washington of the Bolivian junta which seized power on December 20. He is engaged in pulling every known rabbit out of the hat to convince Washington officialdom and the public of the democratic composition and intentions of his principals in La Paz. He is a skillful prestidigitator; there is considerable evidence that his tricks are fooling certain liberal elements in this country.

Let us examine his technique. He officially accepts his appointment as Washington agent, telling us that the Bolivian junta is not fascist and is not inspired by the Argentine Nazis. He announces that he has received instructions to seek diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union through the intermediary of the United States government. If you turn that coin over you see it's a fake. How can any foreign government unrecognized by the United States seriously believe that its Washington agent, also without official status as far as we are concerned, can call upon the good services of our government to pave the way for recognition by our ally the Soviet Union? It would simply be fantastic, were it not obvious that this is nothing but a phony maneuver to win public support. Here is a perfect example of the well known tactic of leading with the left to throw your opponent off balance for a blow from the right.

"THE AMERICAS," published by the Council for Pan-American Democracy, charges this week that "de Lozada's profession of radicalism is and has been a protective coloration for some very dubious activity." It reports widely circulated stories of his complicity with those Bolivian fascists who have consorted with the Ramirez clique in Argentina. It reports, further, the opinion of Latin American labor and liberal leaders that de Lozada has been a chief conspirator in Washington against

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the Confederation of Latin American Workers and its president, Lombardo Toledano, and that he has "quietly supported Matthew Woll and William Hutcheson in their slanderous attacks on the CTAL and its president."

The evidence of the connection between the Estensorro putsch in Bolivia and the Argentine fascists is convincing. Any official agent of the Bolivian clique in Washington is therefore suspect. De Lozada's career, including his current protestations of liberalism, augments rather than diminishes our belief that the new Bolivian government must be ostracized. We support Mr. Sumner Welles' remark that the Estensorro group bears careful watching because of the grave suspicion that it is part of the Argentine plot to set up other Latin governments friendly to its Nazi pretensions.

Mr. Willkie Fears . . .

Not even the talented Mr. Willkie can talk through both corners of his mouth simultaneously and make sense. In an article in the magazine section of the Sunday *Times*, January 2, he pleads with genuine conviction for a commonsense attitude towards the Soviet Union and rebuffs those in both parties who adopt a policy of suspicion towards Moscow in order to corral the votes of backward citizenry. Mr. Willkie, of course, also supports Moscow and Teheran as "having opened up new hopes on all continents." But after having chastised prejudiced politicos for attempting to sow dissension, he discards his statesmanlike position for one that echoes individuals with whom he is at sword's points.

For example, he is critical of the President for not having gone far enough at Cairo and Teheran. "While the conferences have successfully stated joint intentions among the great powers, they have not succeeded in establishing a concrete political base upon which all the United Nations can agree and rely." Now this strikes us as really picayune talk from a big man. Teheran brought us to a new and different stage in international relations, with the major allies guaranteeing the independence and freedom of all peoples. Yet Mr. Willkie estimates this extraordinary development—after years of bloodshed because there was no agreement among these allies—as limited in significance because it is not "firmly established upon a body of definite political principles." If Moscow and Teheran did not embrace the key principles without which we cannot foresee an orderly world, we beg to know what did? We have in the Moscow declarations the foundations of a European structure that will not topple at the first strong wind. In the Cairo statement we have the essential beginnings of an Asia without Tokyo's "co-prosperity sphere." And in the Teheran accord there is an expression of unity, of will, and of purpose which the freedom-loving peoples have sought and died for from the moment Hitler mounted his reign of *Schrecklichkeit*. And if Mr. Willkie wants to know how far-reaching these conferences were, let him glance through Hitler's New Year's speech and see what choice adjectives Adolf uses in describing them.

Mr. Willkie is also fearful of the fate of small nations. This fear is the new weapon which Willkie's bitterest enemies in his party are employing and we are dismayed to see him in such parlous company. To be sure, there are votes to be garnered from those who would like to see Europe again as of the day of Munich; who would like to throttle the forces of liberation beginning to cleanse the Continent's despots. And to that end the Polish hierarchy in London would like to play Britain against the United States and both against the Soviet Union. They also find soulmates in the repudiated officialdom of the Balkans and Baltics—and all of them are now merged to undo the grand alliance.

Mr. Willkie is too astute to fall for the game of "small states" politics; he can serve his country best by stepping over the quagmire of partisanship into a more productive arena. That service will consist of crossing lances in a determined battle to eliminate from public influence those Republicans—and Democrats—who oppose the international unity which he has championed. The small states are properly protected in the Moscow-Cairo-Teheran agreements. It is the small politician, Mr. Willkie, against whom we now need protection.

Dr. Win-the-War

The teapot tempest over President Roosevelt's statement that the "New Deal" slogan as applied to his administration was out of date and should be replaced by something like "win-the-war" must seem curious to those of our allies who are too close to the fury of the war to be able to enjoy the luxury of such controversies. It must seem curious that more than two years after Pearl Harbor it should be necessary for the President to state the obvious and for the obvious to be so violently challenged.

To readers of New Masses, of course, what the President said was old stuff. This magazine, in contradistinction to both reactionary and certain liberal publications, has long maintained that the major emphasis in administration policy, as in American life as a whole, must be not the pre-war program of social reform identified with the term New Deal, but the winning of the war as paramount to all other considerations. When the President says two plus two equals four, and Harrison E. Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, with his infallible talent for putting his foot in his mouth, bellows: "Can the leopard change his spots?" it is quite clear who is making a fool of himself. And it is no less clear that under the guise of opposing the New Deal, the Spanglers of both major parties are only too eager to do what they can to obstruct the winning of the war.

At a press conference last week Mr. Roosevelt made an eloquent defense of the New Deal program, listing some thirty specific measures and challenging his critics to indicate which of them should now be scrapped. He pointed out that the remedies of "Dr. New Deal" were necessary for the internal disorder that afflicted the country when he took office in 1933, and that when the country got into a smashup at Pearl Harbor, it became necessary to call in "Dr. New Deal's" partner, "Dr. Win-the-War." And significantly the President said that when victory is won, the program of the past will have to be carried on in the light of new conditions in this country and in other countries.

It would be well if every member of Congress, on returning for the new session opening January 10, received a copy of the President's allegorical talk on the past, the present, and the future. Certainly Congress—which has tried to rob the soldiers of their vote and the people of their livelihood through a ban on subsidies, which has sought to enrich the rich with its tax program and to play politics with the war—badly needs to be reminded what the score is.

From a Dark Era

It is fantastic to think that the United States government, the government which is waging this people's war against fascism, which at Moscow, Cairo, Teheran made far-reaching commitments for the war and the peace—that this government is going to separate Mrs. Raissa Browder from her citizen husband, Earl Browder, and her three citizen children and deport her. Yet if the Board of Immigration Appeals, operating under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice, has its way, this is what will happen.

It is good to know that in this case Americans are speaking up in behalf of Americanism. In recent days letters and resolutions to President Roosevelt urging him to reverse the board have been sent by Paul Robeson, Dr. Mary E. Woolley,

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William Jay Schieffelin, Katherine G. Hoffman, secretary of the Newark CIO Industrial Union Council, William L. Standard, attorney for the National Maritime Union, the New York Women's Auxiliary of the NMU, a group of 300 wives and sweethearts of servicemen, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign-Born, the Book and Magazine Union, Local 18, UOPWA, and others.

In speaking up for Mrs. Browder these Americans are defending the honor of their country and elementary human decencies. The deportation order against Raissa Browder was originally issued as a by-product of a sad and confused period in American life when witch-hunting was much more in favor that it is today. Mrs. Browder was ordered deported on the grounds that she had lived in the USSR as a citizen, that she was married to the general secretary of the Communist Party, and that she had denounced neither her husband nor her native land. In ignoring the fact that history has knocked the bottom out of the case against Mrs. Browder the Board of Immigration Appeals not merely commits an act of inhumanity against an American family, which is bad enough, but lays itself open to the charge that it is making an oblique attack on President Roosevelt's foreign policy and on American unity.

We urge our readers to write the President and ask him to right this injustice and vindicate American democratic tradition by suspending the deportation order against Raissa Browder and permitting her to become a citizen.

Honors and Awards

ANYONE who saw *Watch on the Rhine*, saw Paul Lukas transform the shadow of Kurt Mueller into a figure of heroic proportions, will quickly agree with the New York Film Critics choice of that picture as the year's best. When our movie critic reviewed it last September he was impressed with the film's shrewd characterization and its extraordinary persuasiveness. When it arrived at our local playhouse we sat through two showings just to see once more the grandeur of the whole anti-fascist struggle wrapped in the mood and words and movements of Mueller. It was a breathtaking experience, in some respects richer than the stage play itself, for which we are indebted to Lillian Hellman's perception and craftsmanship.

There were other great cinema events this past year. And it is one of the limitations of prize awards that not all these splendid films could be acknowledged as such with the same laurel wreath that went to *Watch on the Rhine*. We have had brilliant screen stories of both our fighting men and those of our allies, our merchant

Pattern of a Swastika

IT WAS to be expected: the Christian Fronters considered the whitewashing of James LeRoy Drew, the homegrown fascist patrolman, a go-ahead signal. And they have gone ahead on the double-quick. So now New York is suffering from that brown malaise which hit Boston, Hartford, Detroit, and many other American cities—violence against Jews. Every thinking person impatiently brushes aside the official apology that "juvenile delinquency" is to blame. There was no adolescents' convention that agreed to assault simultaneously, across the country, Jewish children, smear Jewish homes and synagogues, loose a wave of terrorism. Here is the issue: who is behind these outbursts and why are they not apprehended? We have no doubt Patrolman Drew could reveal some interesting data: did not that literature he stored in his home strive for precisely such turbulence?

We agree completely with Max Perlow of the Jewish People's Committee that if "Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine does not immediately take severe measures to wipe out this growing menace, this may soon develop into strife on the dimensions of the Detroit riots of last summer."

Most disturbing is the lackadaisical attitude of the police authorities. They have, on the whole, done a good job until this latest series of outbursts; they worked, hitherto, under difficult circumstances to stem the racism affecting Negroes, Jews, and other national minorities in the city. But at this juncture, their alertness has declined alarmingly. Commissioner Valentine cannot calm an outraged citizenry with the bland statement that "Anti-Semitism is always a problem in a large heterogeneous city such as New York." Nor can he with justice conclude "If and when it becomes necessary special measures will be taken." At what point does the Commissioner believe "special measures" become necessary? When well-drilled gangs roam the streets? When Jews are actually killed? When Jewish homes and synagogues are burned to the ground? ..Why the cautious, cool qualifications, "If—and when. . . ." Have we not had enough experience since 1933? Have we forgotten Berlin and Vienna? What's happening here?

Obviously quick, decisive action is on the agenda. And action by the city as a whole, not by Jews alone. For this is a blight which creeps into every category of our citizenry; labor, the Negroes, all national minorities, progressives generally, stand to suffer if this peril goes unchecked.

We are glad to see that inter-community action is being taken. Citizens of every calling and religion are banding together to act. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise' plea must be heeded that "a group of leading citizens of different faiths should be brought together to consider what can be done to bring an end to this shameful blot upon the honor of our city." Meetings have been called to get action on the Lynch-Dickstein bills that would prevent the mailing of anti-Semitic literature, which is a strong underlying factor. The City Council must be moved to decision, as must the state legislature when it convenes. The Mayor, too, must shoulder his share of responsibility. If all these factors are taken into prompt consideration, acted upon, we can rescue the city from the threat of another Detroit. If we continue the hush-hush policy, or look upon the terrorism as the regrettable pranks of juvenile delinquents, then we are beaten. Above all, we must remember that Hitler's only trump card is the creation of dissension within the homelands of his enemies. There is, behind all this, the pattern of a swastika, made in Berlin.

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mariners—screen stories that depicted with tenderness and understanding their day-by-day ordeals, thereby giving those of us at home a deeper sense of the stakes of the battle and elevating morale to high levels. Among these were *Air Force, Action in the North Atlantic, The City That Stopped Hitler, The Battle of Russia, Desert Victory, Sahara, Destination Tokio.* Then there were those films which communicated the power of Europe's resistance forces, the life of the partisans, the courageous underground. Here the films which had great beauty and effectiveness were *Hangmen Also Die, The North Star, This Land Is Mine, The Cross of Lorraine.* And in *Mission to Moscow* we had a political document whose importance was not only in its destruction of imbedded prejudices, but represented our Soviet ally with honesty and conscientiousness—a refreshing change from the nonsense to which Hollywood had been addicted heretofore.

Unlike years past when one was thankful for the occasional American film with some sense of the world we live in, 1943 saw an array of distinguished pictures in step with the time and marching forward. Hollywood is at long last moving away from the bromide and the aphrodisiac into the realm of reality.

The Real Violation

WE ARE not among the fans of *Esquire* magazine. We can take our *Esquire* or leave it—most of the time the latter. But Postmaster General Frank C. Walker's order revoking the magazine's second-class mailing privileges concerns *Esquire* only incidentally. It concerns above all the First Amendment of the Constitution guaranteeing freedom of the press. It concerns one of the great principles for which this war is being fought.

In October and November the Post Office Department held hearings at which an attempt was made to prove that *Esquire,* which is admittedly not patterned after Godey's *Lady's Book,* was not only obscene, but lewd and lascivious. The department merely succeeded in making itself ridiculous. So weak was its case that a special three-man board of Post Office officials voted two to one against revocation of mailing privileges. Walker has now taken it upon himself to overrule his

Herr Ganzenmueller's Troubles

HERR GANZENMUELLER is not among those Nazi generals or party leaders known beyond the borders of Fortress Europe. Yet he is among the Third Reich's most important war leaders. Thirty-eight years old, Obergruppenfuehrer Albert Ganzenmueller comes from one of the oldest German fascist organizations—the Reichskriegsflagge, a group of adventurers and cutthroats who were brought together by General von Epp, one of the leaders of the Bavarian reactionaries who joined Hitler years ago. When the Nazis took power in 1933, Ganzenmueller was in the Elite Guard. He had specialized in terrorizing railroad workers and in organizing the Guard's railroad detachments. So he was the natural choice for undersecretary in the ministry of transportation.

In 1938 Ganzenmueller drew up the plans for the transportation of troops and materiel when the Wehrmacht occupied Austria. His plans also prepared the way for the invasions of Poland and France. But his masterpiece of organization was the mass deportation of Jews, Poles, Croats, and Slovenes—one of the bloodiest and most ruthless chapters in the history of this war. In cruelty and terror, Ganzenmueller is matched only by his old friend and superior, Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler, who laid down the rules for the deportation of "inferior races." Ganzenmueller's special contribution to these migrations was his invention of the railroad-car gas chamber to exterminate Jews.

Another big task which Ganzenmueller undertook, and by no means as pleasant as his previous ones, was the mass evacuation of citizens of Hamburg, Cologne, the Rhineland cities, and Berlin after the tremendous Allied air raids. To cope with the situation Ganzenmueller set up an emergency railroad evacuation corps. The loss of thousands of pieces of rolling stock on the Eastern Front made Ganzenmueller's troubles even greater. Special Elite Guard units and Gestapo detachments were incorporated into the railroad detachments to speed up railroad personnel and prevent sabotage. For sabotage also developed into one of Ganzenmueller's biggest headaches. Judging from Nazi officialdom's rare statements on the matter, railroad sabotage is especially fierce in Austria (especially in Styria and Carinthia where railroad men frequently collaborate with Yugoslav Partisans just across the border) and in France, Belgium, and Poland.

For example, German railroad workers in Poland petitioned the Nazi government to place them on the same footing as soldiers with regard to rent privileges for those incapacitated in service. They based their requests on the fact that during July 1943, alone, 385 of them were killed in Poland while "performing their duty"—which is only a small sample of the accidents caused by sabotage. In certain parts of Poland, as well as in Yugoslavia, the Nazis no longer disclose their train schedules, in order to prevent attacks by saboteurs and Partisan bands.

But apparently Herr Ganzenmueller's troubles have only begun. He and his staff expect headaches such as they have never had before. Recently the Nazi press boastfully told its readers that Ganzenmueller invented a mobile railroad station with all facilities for loading and unloading as well as a rapidly convertible freight car. These mobile stations are said to be of tremendous value for the quick evacuation of bombed areas where railroad stations were destroyed. But as the London anti-fascist paper *Zeitung* reveals, this mobile station has more uses than readily meet the eye. The Gestapo is already preparing for civil war in Germany. The Elite Guard is beginning to reckon with the possibility that insurgents will occupy railroad stations. They are also beginning to reckon with that possibility in connection with the forthcoming invasion by Allied forces. The mobile railroad stations will then come in handy. The freight cars will be converted into coaches to transport Elite Guard shock troops in emergencies.

One of Ganzenmueller's recent orders proves that the specter of insurrection is haunting the minds of Nazi leaders. This order gave new directives for the operations of the Railroad Police and the Bahnschutz—a special railroad guard corps. Qualifications for membership in both these organizations have become more rigorous and every member is thoroughly investigated as to his reliability. Old members are being dismissed and replaced by Elite Guards. And a special emergency division of railroad Elite Guards has been established to deal with "sudden dangers for the Reich transport system."

O. T. RING.

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own board on the ground that the magazine fails to meet the requirements of being "originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry."

If Walker burns with a zeal to enforce this provision of the law, we suggest that his energy would be better employed against such flagrant violators as the Hearst and McCormick-Patterson press and the anti-Semitic Brooklyn *Tablet*. But the fact is that the Post Office Department, while sternly pursuing hypothetical obscenity, is strangely apathetic toward the use of the mails for subversive and treasonable purposes. At the recent House hearings on the Lynch-Dickstein bills, which would ban from the mails material inciting racial or religious hatred, the Post Office Department provided the only witness to oppose this legislation. One recalls too that as a trustee of Notre Dame University, Postmaster General Walker showed similar apathy toward the ouster of Prof. Francis E. McMahon for his outspoken anti-fascism.

Is there some hidden influence behind Walker's action in the *Esquire* case? Whether or not there is, his order, if allowed to stand, would establish a precedent under which any newspaper or magazine, from the most conservative to the most progressive, could be arbitrarily put out of business. We hope the courts lose no time in reversing this dangerous decision.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

BALANCING THE FORMULA

Washington.

A good deal of loose talk has been heard these past few weeks about the Little Steel formula, especially as the steel and railroad wage disputes developed.

The trouble is, most of what was said fell wide of the mark. The confusion caused by an unclear understanding of the Little Steel formula itself has been intensified by the actions of the National War Labor Board, by most employers, by almost every newspaper columnist, and even by some labor spokesmen. Only by comprehending the implications of the formula—and only by sweeping away misconceptions—can the present wage crisis be resolved to the benefit of all concerned.

It is well to go back to the War Labor Board's decision in the Little Steel case in July 1942 to recall what the formula originally set out to do. At that time, the Board granted a fifteen percent wage rise to steel workers employed by the large independents, because the Board felt the wage advance would contribute to the stabilization of the nation's economy. While turning down several justified demands of the steel workers, the Board acknowledged that the cost of living had risen approximately fifteen percent from January 1941 to May 1942 (when the United Steelworkers' agreement with management expired).

The Board therefore authorized a fifteen percent rise in steel wages to equalize wages and prices. In other words, the formula was based on the assumption that once wages were raised to meet the increased cost of living, the relationship between wages and prices would then be maintained at that level, *and*, with the rest of the economy stabilized, this relationship would remain fairly constant. Remember, the Board acted in expectation that price control would be strictly enforced, and that all other factors affecting the economy would be held in line.

Actually, as everyone now knows, workers were held within the rigid restrictions of the fifteen percent rule, but stabilization just didn't occur in any other branch of the economy. Prices continued to rise, often abruptly. Congress refused to enact an equitable tax program, or to put a ceiling on private incomes, or to allow subsidies that alone would permit the strict enforcement of price ceilings and in certain instances, permit a rollback of prices. The equalization of prices and wages which the Board anticipated never became a reality. Instead, wages remained frozen, to all intents and purposes, while no effective controls were imposed on the rest of the economy. The value of the worker's dollars decreased each week. The formula wasn't working worth a tinker's dam.

Clearly, the fifteen percent permissible wage advance was not the decisive element of the formula; rather, it was the principle of equalization between wages and the cost of living that was paramount. Yet today most commentators seek to endow the fifteen percent rule with mystic significance. The Board itself has interpreted its own formula to mean nothing more than the mechanical and inequitable enforcement of the fifteen percent clause.

At its November convention, the CIO unanimously resolved that "The sound and tested processes of collective bargaining must be freed to secure the elimination of the inequalities and inequities in wage structures. . . . A truly stabilized national war economy must be secured through the achievement of these wage policy objectives, combined with a determined insistence upon a policy of vigorous price control, over-all rationing, and firm taxation. . . ."

A great deal of irresponsible talk has been heard about putting an end to the Little Steel formula. Responsible labor—and that omits John L. Lewis and the AFL's Woll-Hutcheson crowd—wants above all to prevent a race between wages and prices. What those labor leaders have in mind when they carelessly talk of "putting an end to the Little Steel formula" is, more precisely, to put an end to the unrealistic fifteen percent restriction. Labor has nothing to gain by *breaking* the formula; its main interest lies in *enforcing* the original intentions of the formula. Labor insists that real stabilization be achieved by applying the formula as it was intended to be applied—that is, to achieve a stabilized and intelligent wage-price relationship. *If* prices were to be rolled back to September 1942 levels (and this goal does not seem possible at the present moment) then labor's present demands would for the most part be fulfilled. *If* prices were rolled back halfway to the September 1942 levels, then labor's wage demands could be reduced by approximately fifty percent. But since prices are *not* being rolled back, *then it is imperative, if the Little Steel formula is to have content, to readjust wages to present price levels, to stabilize prices at present levels, to enforce price control, to pass an equitable tax program, and to maintain the relationship, enunciated in the formula, between workers' income and the cost of living.*

President Roosevelt has indicated in the past that this is substantially his approach to the controversy over the Little Steel formula. He has recently appointed a committee representing labor, management, and the public to determine how accurate are the cost-of-living figures released by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The BLS has admitted that from Jan. 15, 1941, to Nov. 15, 1943, the over-all cost of living rose 23.1 percent (or eight percent above the fifteen percent figure on which the Labor Board has based its application of the Little Steel formula). It is an open secret in Washington that the labor members of the President's committee will prove BLS estimates to be far too low—by at least ten to fifteen percent—and they will point out

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that the cost of living has risen to date anywhere from thirty-three to forty percent above January 1941. What the industry and public members of the committee will determine is not yet known, though it is a good bet that the industry representatives will try to prevent the committee's report from giving full weight to labor's findings. It seems probable that the committee will not report within the sixty days suggested by the President. But when the report is finally made, labor's corrected cost-of-living index will represent approximately the point to which wages must be adjusted if there is any desire to stand by the Little Steel formula.

As THINGS appear today, the WLB's insistence on enforcing not the formula but the fifteen percent clause is nothing less than provocation against the unions. Labor on the whole has a splendid record of abiding by its no-strike pledge. But both the steel and railroad crises show that despite win-the-war leadership, despite labor's devotion to the war effort, the application of the fifteen percent clause as though it were endowed with some magic property can press men and women in the war plants into actions which, though mistaken, nevertheless are the fault primarily of discriminatory abuses which can and must be remedied. It is of first importance now to make the Little Steel formula work—which means to adjust wages to levels that will reestablish their 1942 relationship with prices. Too frequently, corporations announce super-profits while their employes are told that regardless of what the Little Steel formula implies, the slogan of "stabilization" is to be used merely to justify unilateral sanctions against the wage earners. Granted that workers play into the hands of their enemies and the enemies of the nation by striking at this time; granted that stoppages cannot be tolerated. But like it or not, continued provocation will lead to future walk-outs and will endanger the war effort at the crucial moment of the western invasion.

The Board has taken a stubborn position of interpreting the formula mechanically; certain industrialists have deliberately needled the workers; Congress has proved its irresponsibility by refusing to sanction subsidies, to impose fair taxes, or to empower OPA to enforce price control, and by seeking to emasculate renegotiation legislation for scaling down exorbitant profits on war contracts. The villain is not to be found in the Little Steel formula. But the formula must be applied in the light of reality. Workers must be assured wage rates guaranteeing them a standard of living conducive to health, efficiency, firm morale, and maximum production.

AROUND THE WORLD

NO GREEK MIKHAILOVICH?

IT WAS of course to be expected that both the Moscow and Teheran conferences would affect Greek political affairs and accelerate new developments. On November 8, several days after the Moscow meeting, King George in Cairo wrote Premier Tsouderos that he [the King] might change the date of his return to Greece. The time of return fixed by the King on last July 4 was immediately after the liberation of the homeland. Now, the King implied in his letter to Tsouderos that he might decide not to return until a plebiscite is held. This communication was prepared ostensibly to conform with the right to self-determination guaranteed in effect by the Moscow declarations. But it was not released to the public because apparently the King and his petty vizier, Tsouderos, calculated that the Moscow decisions might be completely upset in any subsequent meeting of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill. They hoped the three Allied leaders might disagree and the entire Moscow accord be reduced to a scrap of paper. But when it became clear after the meeting at Teheran that there were no disagreements and that the Moscow declarations were, in fact, affirmed, then the King's letter was released to the press on December 11. Such was the scheming that took place within the Greek government-in-exile.

Ten days after that event, and after London and Washington announced that they would aid Tito with military equipment, a report—unconfirmed as yet—told of the formation of an underground in Greece under Prof. Alexander Svolos, a well-known anti-fascist who was in a concentration camp for years during the Metaxas dictatorship. Whether there is any connection between this development and the following fact, I do not know. But on December 21, Mr Tsouderos, in a radio speech from Cairo, viciously attacked Greece's guerrilla forces, accusing them of fighting each other and putting himself forward as "pacifier" and arbitrator.

These same charges against the guerrilla forces were made last October. Why do they recur? The record provides the answer.

For two and a half years the Greek government-in-exile had suppressed all reports of the epic history of the organization of the National Liberation Front (EAM), although it knows that the Front had liberated a large part of the country and controlled eighty percent of the guerrilla detachments. What George's government was trying to do was to build up a Greek Mikhailovich. That is apparent from the fact that it was only last March that the Greek government referred to the guerrilla units as being under the leadership of Colonel Napoleon Zervas. But the attempt to create a Mikhailovich fizzled out for the time being. Naturally that failure did not increase the Cairo government's affection for the National Liberation Front; in fact, the Cairo government hates it as much as does the quisling government in Athens.

LAST August, the British Middle East authorities, who had already communicated with the leaders of guerrilla organizations, brought to Egypt delegations of three guerrilla organizations—the EAM, the EDES, and the EKKA. These delegations discussed with the Greek cabinet-in-exile the question of unifying all forces inside and outside Greece for more effective conduct of the liberation struggle and for a democratic solution of all postwar problems of Greece, including the form of government.

The King's government-in-exile did not even mention this important event, nor did it say anything about the results of those discussions. It continued to ignore the existence of the National Liberation Front and the other organizations; it referred to them vaguely as guerrilla "units" or "groups of Antartes." In the meantime, last October, as I have already indicated, British-Greek Middle East sources released dubious reports to the effect that serious clashes took place between the ELAS (the EAM People's Army) and the EDES. It is possible that some friction occurred between these two organizations on Colonel Zervas' initiative and at the instigation of the government-in-exile; but there is not the slightest evidence of serious clashes, that is, evidence based on sources from within Greece.

The *Greek-American Tribune* of New York was able to secure an important document which throws abundant light on the developments connected with the meetings between the underground delegations and the Greek government-in-exile. That document is a communication of the delegation of the National Liberation Front, published by the *Anti-Fascist*—underground bulletin of the Military Anti-Fas-

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cist Committee of the Middle East Greek Army. In that historic communication, the EAM delegation states that the purpose of its visits to Egypt was to bring about unity among all forces, political and military, inside and outside of Greece, under the direction of a National Unity Government. In the interests of unity, the communication continues, the EAM, the EDES, and the EKKA, and all the old political parties—the latter represented by one delegate for all—as well as the leader of the National Party of Union, submitted to the government-in-exile a proposal to the effect that the King not return to Greece unless the people of Greece so decide by plebiscite.

Another proposal was submitted to the government, this one only by the delegates of the fighting organizations—EAM, EDES, and EKKA—to the effect that a Provisional National Unity Government, including all national forces be formed, and that the Greek government-in-exile call, with this objective in mind, a conference of the delegates of the political parties and people's organizations together with the members of the cabinet-in-exile. The cabinet-in-exile agreed to the first proposal, but no clear action was taken. The only action taken was the vague declaration of the King mentioned above.

As to the second proposal, no answer was given. In a subsequent statement, Mr. Tsouderos, without referring to the proposal of the EAM and the other fighting organizations, spoke of a coalition government of political parties only (as distinguished from the fighting organizations) to be formed after the liberation of Greece.

In the light of these developments and of certain information I received from the Middle East concerning the function of a committee-at-large formed recently in Cairo and Alexandria, and made up of "prominent" Greeks of "all" political beliefs but not including any representatives of the underground forces in Greece, except, perhaps, representatives of Colonel Zervas—I have come to the conclusion that a united front of Greek reactionaries has been formed with the support and the sympathy of certain international imperialistic interests. In this front are included former liberals or Venizelists, monarchists, conservative republicans, some "leftist" intellectuals, and also fascists either of the Cairo brand or the Athens quisling brand.

Some of these elements may not have ceased to be anti-King George or even anti-monarchists. There are other contradictions of interests and ideas; but all such contradictions disappear before their common enemy—the National Liberation Front in Greece with its popular democratic program and its determination to bring to book all those who are guilty of crimes against the country and the people.

When Mr. Tsouderos accuses the guerrilla organizations of fighting each other, of being responsible for the Nazi terroristic methods, or when he threatens to "outlaw" those who "do not agree and do not unite," he intends, of course, to smear the EAM, not Zervas and his followers. When he speaks of a coalition government of "all political parties," he means all those elements as they have been regrouped under the committee-at-large.

Indeed, the personal return of King George, and even the restoration of the monarchy, is not perhaps any longer the real issue. The King may even resign to pacify the united front of the reactionaries at the suggestion of his international supporters.

In this connection I am informed that Andreas Mihalopoulos, former Greek Minister of Information, who is touring this country and lecturing on the Greek situation, stated to an audience in Cincinnati that Mikhailovich is the real leader in Yugoslavia, that Tito's Partisans represent nothing, and that of all guerrilla organizations in Greece, only the Zervas groups are truly representive. This means that Greek reactionaries do not neglect American public opinion. And it is obvious to me that an attempt will be made by Greek tories to unite with Yugoslav and Polish reactionaries, who in turn are uniting with native American fascists, to bombard the public with lies and distortions of the real state of affairs. They will do everything possible to delay the hour of Europe's liberation for they know that that great event inevitably means their end.

DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE GREAT PROMISE

THE New Year was met by a salvo of official and semi-official United Nations announcements of victory in Europe and victories in the Pacific in 1944. These promises are entirely backed up by the hard facts of the military situation. They are solidly based on the grand global strategy adopted some time ago in principle and finally whipped into shape at Cairo and Teheran. Note that in Europe it is *victory*, meaning total and final victory—and *victories* in the Pacific, meaning successful and even decisive actions. The grand strategy is simple: beat Germany to her knees first and then turn the Anglo-American power on Japan in full force. Admiral King said last week in a press conference that "studies have been under way for several months looking to a shift of power from the European theater to the Pacific theater not only when Germany is defeated but as her defeat seems near at hand."

Such a shift to the East would probably concern principally naval and air power, as well as supplies of certain types. Two developments in the European theater might form the basis for such a shift in the near future. One is the defeat of Germany in submarine warfare. Here sub sinkings have reached a point where they exceed the sinkings of our ships by submarines. This is, if anything, a sign that the pigboat has been licked. Feeling that their subs can no longer be counted on effectively to intercept Allied convoys streaming to Europe along the routes to Murmansk, Britain, the Mediterranean, and the Middle East, the Germans of late have been forced to risk their big naval stuff to do the job. The results have been pretty sad for the German High Seas Fleet. It lost perhaps the only remaining seaworthy battleship it had when the British Navy, by a magnificent piece of team-work and timing, trapped the *Scharnhorst* off North Cape and sent it to the bottom. Hardly had it gone down before the German navy lost three and maybe five of its thirty remaining destroyers in a battle in the Bay of Biscay where the German destroyers were trying to protect a lone but seemingly important merchantman running the blockade. By a quirk of fate, it had already been sunk by our planes when the German destroyers came out to protect it.

With the Italian navy partly sunk, partly surrendered to us, and partly bottled up in the Adriatic, we pretty well have the run of the western seas on the surface as well. This is the second development which might make the shift of part of our naval power to the Pacific possible pretty soon, if it has not begun already. The big British battlewagons might go east of Suez soon. They are not needed for the protection of convoys since there are hardly any enemy battleships at large in the Atlantic and Mediterranean; neither are they needed for a cross-Channel invasion of Europe. Thus the year 1944 will certainly see a shift of power to the Pacific and, if

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only because of that, will prove a fateful year for Japan, too.

On the European theater, the stage is set for an application of the greatest pincers of them all—the creation of a real second front in Europe. It is officially confirmed that we have great armies assembled in England. These armies have learned the tactical lessons of the African and Sicilian campaigns, they have had practice in landing operations. They have surely studied the lessons of the greatest land campaigns in history which were fought on the Eastern Front. The Allies have strong preponderance in the air and certainly are able to spread a wide, "airtight" umbrella over the area where the invasion will come. And, above all, the *will to invade Europe* is there. Our leadership is committed.

GERMANY'S military machine is being kept busy along a huge arc stretching from Leningrad to the Garigliano River. Here it is fighting on three fronts which are still operationally and physically separated from each other by three gaps—one of six hundred miles between General Vatutin's spearhead near Vinnitza and Marshal Tito's eastern flank, and one equal to the width of the Adriatic (150 miles) between Tito and the British Eighth Army before Pescara.

The entire German position in the North, in Scandinavia, is threatened by the offensive being conducted by the Soviet Baltic front, which bids fair to cut off Finland from Germany, leaving Germany's flank in Norway hanging in the air. At the same time the offensive of the Soviet Ukrainian front threatens to engulf the German concentration of power between Rumania and the Lower Dnieper and seriously compromise the German position in the Balkans.

So within a conceivably short time the eastern arm of the future nutcracker—the one that has been in constant action for more than two and one half years—may reduce the "nut" to the "innerfortress" of Germany in the East. That fortress will be deprived of its Scandinavian and Balkan bastions and will lend itself to a tight squeeze-play from all cardinal points.

Let us review the blows which have been dealt to Germany during the year. Our Mediterranean campaign has deprived Germany of an ally—Italy—and has given us a short and safe route from the Atlantic to the Middle East. It has created possibilities for immediate Allied help to Yugoslavia's Army of Liberation, which with substantial material assistance may conceivably create a front on the Danube at a crucial moment for Germany, i.e., when we land on the Channel coast.

The Italian campaign itself, now admittedly a "diversion" and a "subsidiary front," didn't do very much harm to Germany. It may do so if we use southern Italy as a bridge to the Balkans, which right now are accessible to us only from that direction—a fact due to our loss of the Aegean Islands and Turkey's cautious attitude. That country certainly does not doubt an Allied victory, but it does not want any of its "crockery" busted before final victory comes.

IN THE air, our assault on Germany has been tremendously stepped up and more than 200,000 tons of bombs have been dropped on Germany in 1943, as against 14,000 tons in 1940, 33,000 in 1941 and 50,000 in 1942, or more than twice the amount dropped during the first three years. The effect of this bombing is without doubt substantial, although it now appears that five months after our raids which were supposed to have practically obliterated a great city, said city was being rebuilt by the Germans. This we now understand and appreciate, which is all to the good. Thus another effect of our bombing: the realization that it will not win the war. This is a great step toward victory indeed.

On the sea, as I have pointed out, Germany has irretrievably lost the struggle for our supply lanes and therefore cannot impede our accumulation of forces for the coming blow. The events of the past year on the Eastern Front have shaken Germany's might to its foundations. Aside from the loss of about four million fighting men during that year (of which certainly no more than one million can be patched up for service), Germany has lost every vestige of the strategic objectives she went after on June 22, 1941. What Germany still holds to in the Soviet Union has no real industrial or agricultural value, except for the oil fields of Drohobycz in the Western Ukraine (the mines of Krivoi Rog and Nikopol are now too close to the front lines for comfort). Close to 400,000 square miles of really important lands have been wrested from her grasp.

A year ago the Red Army at Stalingrad stood 1,400 miles from Berlin. It now stands 625 miles from Berlin—between Belokorovichi and Olevsk.

Along that 775-mile line three great battles have been fought. Three battles—three disasters for the Wehrmacht—the battles of Stalingrad, Kursk, and the Kiev Bulge. These battles have one important point of comparison: in each, approximately twenty-two to twenty-five divisions were involved. Of course the saturation with armor at Stalingrad was the lowest, but at Kursk and in the Kiev Bulge the Germans used tremendous numbers of tanks. At Stalingrad a German salient, 1,400 miles east of Berlin, was bitten off and annihilated. This was in winter; the Germans had not been there very long and had no real prepared positions.

At Kursk a Soviet salient repelled a concentrated attack by German troops operating 900 miles east of Berlin. The Russians had had four months to prepare their defense and had converted the Kursk bulge into a continuous "anti-tank area." The attack was broken and the Red Army went into its first summer offensive.

At Kiev (or rather Zhitomir) the Germans operating less than 700 miles from Berlin counterattacked General Vatutin twenty-four hours after he had taken the Korösten-Zhitomir line. While Vatutin had cracked the German prepared defenses on the Dnieper, the Germans failed to break the front of the Red Army where that front had not, and could not possibly have, prepared positions of any kind. Soviet men and guns ground down von Mannstein during six weeks and then struck the great blow which sent the enemy reeling back to the West at the rate of ten miles a day. Thus, from Stalingrad to Kursk, and hence to Zhitomir, the operational conditions were improving for the Germans. And still they continued to lose every consecutive battle.

WE SHOULD not expect the entire German front to follow the example of von Mannstein's sector, i.e., to cave in. The "rot" is still local, although the affected area is about 200 miles wide. But if the Soviet Baltic offensive starts rolling in "Vatutin tempo" and flanks the Pripet Marshes in the north as Vatutin is flanking them in the south, with Rokossovsky in southern White Russia pressing the Germans into the Marshes—contagious panic may grip the entire German Front. However, there are reasons to believe that this will happen only when the Germans really believe the Teheran decisions are being implemented.

It is impossible to predict on what lines the Nazis will attempt to make a stand in the Soviet Union, for there are no more natural defense lines of any importance between the Red Army and Germany. The greatest of them all—the Dnieper—is gone. There are no mountains. The rivers and the marshes are frozen. The enemy can make a "stand" only in the form of a battle of maneuver with great concentration of forces. Such a battle would have to be fought in the open, like the one in the Kiev Bulge. The Germans know they lost that battle. They not only lost the battle itself, but it backfired and boomeranged, just as Stalingrad and Kursk had backfired and boomeranged. Just as Moscow did two years ago. What will happen to their will to fight when they go into such a battle?

And Eisenhower is moving to London, where the place is chock-full of American and other troops, waiting for the word on D-day, H-hour. Come what may across that Channel, the German General Staff knows that *it cannot tear a single division from the clutches of the Eastern Front.* That stalemate on the Dnieper, on which the Germans counted so heavily, did not materialize. Instead they have the avalanche on the Bug. No German division can *leave* the Eastern Front. They can only fight or *flee.* And a division is no good elsewhere after a flight of 1,000 miles.

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FREE SPEECH FOR FASCISTS?

Eleven distinguished men and women answer a question vital to the times.

In its December 7 issue NEW MASSES *published a discussion, "Free Speech for Fascists?" between Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, one of America's foremost educators, and Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party. Dr. Meiklejohn asked Mr. Browder whether he advocates "abridgement of the freedom of speech of American 'fascists'." It was Dr. Meiklejohn's contention that if Mr. Browder advocates this, "then here is a clear case in which his 'war mentality' has made him hostile to the First Amendment." In his reply Mr. Browder said: "Of course we demand the suppression of American fascists! We fight for complete, merciless, and systematic destruction of fascism in all its aspects, everywhere, including the propaganda of anti-Semitism, racism of all varieties, and its resultant pogrom-like activities in America. . . ."*

NEW MASSES *sent this discussion to a number of leading Americans and invited them to reply briefly to two questions: (1) Do you believe that individuals or organizations that disseminate fascist propaganda and incite hatred of Negroes, Jews, and other minority groups should be accorded freedom of speech, press, and assemblage? (2) What measures, if any, should be taken against such individuals or organizations? We herewith present the replies. Our own position on this issue has been made clear on many occasions. We wish merely to underscore the plea made by one of the contributors to this symposium, Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, for passage of the Lynch-Dickstein bills which would bar from the mails literature inciting racial or religious hatred.—The Editors.*

Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman

Editor, "Christian Register" and director, American Unitarian Youth.

WITH the late Mr. Justice Holmes, I feel civil liberties are the privilege of a free people, a privilege with limits to be defined by the people through their courts and legislation. When civil liberties are used against the equal liberty of all races, faiths, and nationality-groups, the element of control is called for. Calls to violence, racial hatred, or religious intolerance cannot by any logic be protected as cherished goods of a democratic people. The Bill of Rights was established for the public good, not as a luxury for enemies of equality. There is no room in a world wide struggle for human rights for us in America to indulge ourselves in the entertainment of men pledged to the destruction of these very rights.

The test for capitalist, Socialist, or Communist alike is his allegiance to the rights inherent in a people's government, rights defined by men like Adams, Jefferson, Paine, and Zenger. Free speech for men openly opposed to such democratic values is no more to be tolerated than arson or treason. Free speech is no academic abstraction; it is a right conferred by a free people upon citizens in good faith that they will not use it for the destruction of the very people who earned it. The living generation has the right to recognize, name, and suppress its enemies.

Justice Holmes also taught us to some avail, I hope, that clear and present danger is just cause for limiting free speech. When one has seen victims of anti-Negro and anti-Jewish hatred beaten beyond recognition he realizes that those who urge such violence are trespassing upon the right of free speech. The fascist in our midst (if he is a real fascist, and we have many such) has a record of incitement to violence against those he hates. His words are a matter of record. He is a clear and present danger to our collective freedom. As such he should be forbidden the privileges of public agitation.

Many liberals in recent years have taken pride in their support of free speech for Communists. By the same token, with Voltairian "tolerance," they feel "morally" obliged to extend the same support to fascists. Such liberals exempt themselves from any obligation to make distinctions between the moral content of the respective claims for the privilege of free speech. So far as I have read the record, the Communists did not excite to violence, they did not set race against race, religion against religion. Their appeal for freedom of speech was to ameliorate the tragic injustices they saw written across the face of the nations. This is not the gospel of the fascists in our midst. It does make a difference what men do with freedom. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Kukriniksi

Specifically, I would urge passage of the Lynch-Dickstein bills, and enforcement of federal laws against all who constitute a clear and present danger to our democracy in wartime. To do otherwise is to wake up some morning without it.

Don Luigi Sturzo

Former leader of the Italian Popular (Catholic) Party

FASCISM is social heresy, against which allied countries are waging war and occupied countries are revolting. In checking fascist propaganda the reaction of public opinion is sufficiently instructive. Political authorities are empowered by the law of war to take any measure to curb fascism. The case of Sir Oswald Mosley is illuminating for both the government decisions, first and second, and the public reaction.

The question of hatred against minorities (Negroes, Jews, and in part Catholics too —in the Klu Klux Klan case) is not to be confused with fascism. It existed in the past and will probably exist in the future. Today anti-Semitism is not only a racial or economic resentment; it is political hatred, linked with Nazism and fascism. Thus it is now the first channel for the dissemination of fascism in democratic countries. For this reason anti-Semitism is now a social heresy. It must be checked during the war like any other propaganda in favor of fascism.

The Negroes as a minority group ought to be protected against majority oppression either by repealing laws of discrimination or by giving them the identical opportunities in civil and economic life.

Racial resentments are deep, and only religion, education, and social behavior can modify the actual conception of life in reciprocal brotherhood.

I would be very cautious in restricting freedom of press and assemblage (which would be a knife with two blades). The reaction of public opinion and counter-propaganda might be sufficient unless the individuals and organizations incite to crime or other acts forbidden by law; in such cases the common law must be sufficient.

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Heinrich Mann

Noted German novelist

BEFORE the advent of Hitler I told the German public by discourses and articles that freedom of speech should be accorded to all citizens who would accord it to others, and that liberty is the right of friends of liberty, not of its enemies.

The entire activity of Hitler under the republic was impudent and its toleration by the authorities was scandalous. There was a continuous threat of punishment for every resistance to his person and his party. Once admitted to power, he actually revenged himself on those who contradicted him: it was his first concern. They had to flee or were suppressed.

Stronger democracies than the Germany of that day may prevent the revenge of types like Hitler and punish betimes their presumption. The incapacity of such types makes them even more dangerous than their wickedness. They are unable to retain the power that they got impudently. It seems that the rule of Hitler will end sooner than the fourteen years of the weak republic preceding him. The worldwide disaster he will leave behind him would certainly not hold off people of his kind from repeating his career. Therefore it is good to remember that he began with 10,000 insane speeches he was permitted to pronounce.

Carl Murphy

President, Afro-American Newspapers

I BELIEVE in freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assemblage when individuals or organizations are disseminating fascist propaganda inciting hatred of colored people, Jews, and other minority groups, only because I see no way to throttle these enemies of democracy without running the risk of muzzling patriots too.

As I understand it, Russia has passed a law making incitement of race prejudice treason against the republic. If it works well in Russia, it might work well with us too.

Rev. Dr. D. de Sola Pool

Rabbi of Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue Shearith Israel

INDIVIDUALS or organizations which disseminate fascist propaganda and incite hatred of Negroes, Jews, and other minority groups should not be granted freedom of speech, press, and assemblage for the incitation of such hatreds. The public weal is paramount where these special forms of liberty come into conflict with the public interest. The imperatives of the moral law transcend individual liberties. A society which by unanimous consent for its own protection locks up one who has homicidal tendencies or who wreaks his hatred of his neighbor through injurious action, assuredly has the right to restrain and proscribe public speeches, circulated literature, and meetings inciting men to such hatreds as lead to injurious action against fellow men or even to homicide.

Measures for controlling such individuals or organizations should be primarily preventive, and only secondarily and exceptionally should they be punitive.

Vida D. Scudder

Professor emeritus, Wellesley College

YES, I do [in answer to question one]. I so fear fascist propaganda and so loathe race prejudice that I will not give those addicted to these things any excuse for thinking that the rest of us do not practice what we preach.

I make it my rule to deprecate repressive measures in favor of constructive; this is the natural attitude for a pacifist like myself. I see our best and safest hope for the world future in the concrete application of two forces: first, the impulse toward justice inherent in normal humanity on the natural level; and second, the instinct of social compunction and compassion—or if you wish so to put it, of love, sacrificial if need be, which is born from above. This latter instinct, marvelously on the increase today, and implemented by common sense, can serve to clarify our thinking on nearly every practical issue. I write as a Christian.

Howard Fast

Novelist, author of "Citizen Tom Paine"

IN ANSWER to question one, my answer is flatly—no. Take Voltaire's old epigram—and I call it that with reason—"I do not agree with what he says, but I will defend to the death his right to say it." How often that has been quoted, and what arrant nonsense it is!

Are we to defend to the death Adolf Hitler's right to promulgate his vicious race theories? Are we to defend to the death the right of all other fascists, native and foreign, to mouth their lies, their attacks upon democracy? Is it inherent in democracy that it must, for the sake of a vague and mystical ideal, give its enemies a legal opportunity to destroy it?

I don't think so. Article I of the Bill of Rights states: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." Such is the guarantee of free speech, as written into the Constitution of the United States; but obviously, as represented through a century and a half of practice, this guarantee is interpreted to operate as a defense of that democracy which is defined by the Constitution. And such was its original conception—free speech as a weapon to forge and uphold the republic.

But let it be noted that again and again, during times of crisis in American history, when free speech was used as a weapon to destroy American democracy, such free speech was ruthlessly proscribed. During a state of war, this is and has been the case; treason could be defended—if any voice were raised to defend it—according to the right of free speech. And in this war, by the very nature of the war, any promulgation of fascism or its child, race hatred, becomes a degree of treason to the United States.

In answer to question two, a nation at war has ample methods whereby to prosecute traitors.

Peter V. Cacchione

New York City Councilman

I AM most certainly not in favor of extending the democratic rights of freedom of speech, press, assembly, etc. to include the Negro-haters, anti-Semites, and their like. That isn't democracy at all, but a foolish parody of it. Those freedoms, I know, are the backbone of our democracy; and that is why, in the past, in relation to certain specific situations, I have been among those who have fought hard to defend them against infringement. But what were those situations? When men and women were being prevented from joining trade-unions or political parties of their own choosing, *organizations whose aims and purposes were exactly in the best American traditions*, then it was time for every true democrat to insist that those freedoms be respected. But we are not at peace today; and what is much more important, these Negro-haters, etc. have goals that are not in keeping with, but *dead set against* our democratic traditions. Giving the racists and such poison-peddlers free rein in the midst of war is just courting destruction. I have no fear of distinctions: I still say freedom for those who will use it to develop and carry it forward; none for those who want it only so they can destroy it.

If you are going to make sedition unpopular and dangerous, you have to put real teeth into the steps you take against it. A crime has to be identified as a crime, and [illegible]ed as one; and the penalties have to

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mean something. I think anti-Semitism is a crime; and so is Negro-baiting; and labor-baiting; and everything else that makes a farce of that grand idea that our country started off with: "All men are created equal." If we put men in jail for stealing sums of money, how about those who try to push the Jew or the Negro off into some corner to starve, or drag along at the lowest-paid and most menial jobs? If we make it a crime to kill or injure, how about those whose slanders and sneers make growing-up a hell on earth for every Negro and Jewish—and Italian, and in some sections, Catholic—kid? If a man can be brought up for sending explosives through the mails, or even obscenity, because they would do terrible damage, what about those who make it a business to poison the minds of innocent readers with all sorts of filthy and vicious lies about different groups in our population?

Once you think pretty soberly about it, you can easily see that we need laws and penalties for the professional anti-democrats. Sure, we need education, too, and plenty of it; and the more we have of it, the fewer innocent ears into which these monsters can pour their poison. But side by side with this education, we need something that will do for the monsters of hate and discrimination what we would do with every other kind—get them out of the way, and keep them there, until they stop being dangerous.

Mary E. Woolley

President emeritus, Mt. Holyoke College

I BELIEVE that individuals or organizations that disseminate fascist propaganda and incite hatred of Negroes, Jews, and other minority groups should not be accorded freedom of press or assemblage.

Lewis Merrill

President, United Office and Professional Workers of America, CIO

I WOULD not think of giving criminals a free run of the vaults of a bank. Everyone would agree that it would be extremely foolish. I do not feel, therefore, that we should give social criminals a free run of our society to disseminate fascist propaganda looking toward the destruction of our democracy. That too is foolish.

For such [individuals and organizations] I think there is only one answer—put them in jail.

Mrs. David de Sola Pool

Former president, Hadassah

No [in answer to question one]. The same procedure of education and punishment that is meted out to criminals should be applied to these violators of moral law.

READERS' FORUM

Letter from Algiers

FOR many reasons I cannot name the writer of the letter below. Were I to do so it would endanger his life. But I can vouch without reservation for his integrity and patriotism. He was a distinguished political figure during the Popular Front in France. He worked hard to unite all genuine anti-fascists against the debacle which befell his homeland in 1940. And he continues now in the heroic work of freeing his country from the darkness that has descended upon it. For the past few years he has lived in England and in this country. He has been in Algiers and the following letter was sent from there to a mutual friend. Naturally I have edited it in the interests of his safety but without in any way changing its meaning.

JOHN STUART.

"ARRIVING in Algiers from where I have been heretofore everything seems small—the country, the men, the houses, and the villages. Life here is not uncomfortable, but it is more squalid than anything I had ever imagined. I yearn for big, open spaces and for large horizons. Food is plentiful but very bad. Conditions of work are hard. There is little ink and paper. My room is dark and I have no electricity during the day. All this is bearable, but what makes me suffer is the complete absence of news. I have the impression of living in a house without windows or at the bottom of a well. This, of course, does not help in judging foreign affairs in a clear light. Luckily I have some books with me and some notes which I hope will help me keep a certain intellectual equilibrium.

"Although Algiers is a beautifully located city I do not like Mediterranean sloppiness. But we must work, win the war, and subordinate everything else to this. I am accustomed to the lack of comfort. I cannot, however, abide the inaction and idle talk I have found here. I have lost this bad habit and find it very shocking in others. There is plenty of good will here but also a great deal of inexperience and puerility. I often think of England and America—particularly the latter, which will suffer serious crises, but which will bring infinite resources to the new world being formed.

"As a whole the Committee of National Liberation is not of great stature, although it is a great advance over what it has been. I say as a whole, because there are men in it who stand out and are good. One in particular who now holds an important post is much better than I had thought before. He has a sense of international affairs and does his best to counteract the nationalist vanity of certain others. The moral and political climate in Algiers is not good. As I have said there is too much idle talk, too much gossip, too much maneuvering, many small ambitions and many big appetites. And what is even more serious is the lack of competent personnel for the administration and direction of politics.

"The Consultative Assembly does not have great powers, although it plays a very useful role and its action is decidedly felt. The delegates from the resistance movement form an excellent factor and are a wise and democratic element. They offer ideas which are different from much of the preconceived nonsense one hears. The Assembly has already paved the way for certain reforms, has made certain changes, has prevented certain mistakes and has limited the making of others. It will continue along this path. It has no intention of leaving the way open for personal power; it will demand that immediately after the liberation of France elections take place. The Assembly is leading toward the democratic solution of many difficult problems; and if by chance these solutions are not adopted, we can be sure that there will be hell to pay within France. France will not be patient with dilly-dallying. Above all it wants liberty and power to the people.

"De Gaulle is very popular, not as a personality, but for what he represents. His prestige is very great. This is an indisputable fact which everyone must recognize. But it must be remembered that the desire for liberty is greater than any single individual. Unfortunately there are some people who try to exploit his great prestige and give him very bad advice, which might create conflict between himself and the Assembly. But De Gaulle knows better—as he has shown thus far—and will not submit to such bad advice.

"All this does not prevent certain individuals and organizations from playing an extremely dangerous game. Among them are certain big businessmen who are trying to monopolize the situation in the same way that they built their monopolies in France. And it is on their insistence that the Committee has been kept from broadening out to represent the genuine interests of France. As usual they demand that they be permitted to dominate everything.

"It follows from all this that there is work to be done. The Communists have their eyes wide open and naturally have no illusions. They fight for unity of all liberation forces. They have, of course, every reason to be disappointed with the way they have been treated in respect to the inclusion of Communists in the Liberation Committee. It is not they who have refused to participate. They have informed De Gaulle, who invited them to join the Committee, that they were prepared to undertake responsibilities on the basis of a war program whose major planks, among others, are the punishment of traitors and the purging of fascist elements, as well as the creation of a national army and the arming of the patriots in France. As I write, the Communists have not yet heard from the Committee.

"The news from France itself is good. She has suffered but still has immense reserves of energy. Vichy propaganda has left its mark and unfortunately not enough is being done from here to counteract it. Those recently arrived from France are much more democratically minded than many of the French at Algiers.

"X. Y. Z."

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LITTLE BUSINESS, WHAT NOW?

Small manufacturers and retailers, already hit by wartime conditions, face critical months ahead. Remedies—bogus and sound. Frank J. Wallace outlines the only solution: planning.

THIS New Year's was the last celebration for a lot of small businessmen. By the thousands they have been shrinking in size or closing up altogether during the last two years, but in 1944 we may see "discontinuances" reach half a million. Aside from the personal tragedies involved, the nation must face the harsh fact that small business has a long indictment to thrust under the nose of those who legislate for and direct our war effort.

The counts in this indictment must receive the immediate attention of the administration, Congress, the labor and progressive movement, as well as small business itself. First is the fact, already well known, that big business has taken the bulk of all war contracts and that seventy percent of all the war business has been placed in the hands of one hundred giant concerns. Second, small business has been forced to restrict itself to consumer goods, civilian goods, and to fight for its life from a "business-as-usual" position, regardless of its patriotism. Third, the facts now come out that big business is not producing all that the war effort requires, and that small business remains a tremendous reservoir of industrial and technical capacity still largely untapped. Fourth is the realization that small business is headed for greater disasters unless postwar planning "of, by, and for" small business becomes an integral part of national policy.

Politically speaking, the mounting bitterness of small businessmen is already being directed against the administration by the same forces who have been the opponents and saboteurs of the war effort—in preparation for the 1944 elections. Since small business is the backbone of the middle class and the dynamic group within it, clearly how small business votes in November 1944 becomes a matter of immediate concern for the labor movement and the progressive forces.

TO UNDERSTAND the situation in which small business finds itself today it is necessary to consider separately the manufacturers and the retailers who comprise the greatest part of all business. Practically all of small business is involved in the production and distribution of consumer goods. This division of labor in American industry is not new. Big business has for long dominated the heavy or durable goods industries and smaller manufacturers have had to concentrate on non-durable consumer goods. Since all retailers operate in the field of consumer supply, we have small business, in peace or in war, primarily devoted to the manufacture and sale of civilian goods.

Take the smaller manufacturers. Most of them have had no choice but to continue making, as long as possible, the same things they made before the war. Only fifteen percent of the smaller manufacturers have been making products different from those they made in 1941. Thus from the beginning of the war economy it has been for these smaller producers a matter of either surviving on consumer goods manufacture or dying. "Business as usual" has been forced upon them as the only formula for survival. Recall, as contrast, the earlier stages of our armaments program, when big business resisted conversion to war production. The manufacturers of steel, automobiles, refrigerators and other big industries fought against conversion because they wanted to enjoy the fleshpots stewing with the rising national income, and because they demanded that the government build them new plants in which to make munitions without interfering with their own civilian goods production. For a while these giant producers had a choice between civilian and war production until at last they were cajoled, bribed, and forced into turning their facilities to the war effort.

The smaller plants had no such choice. At least one-third of all the smaller manufacturers have shrunk in size and output. Those who did get war contracts had to take them, in most instances, as sub-contracts, which made them completely dependent upon some larger firm. Remember that while the government built or paid for most of the new plants and equipment operated by the big firms, thus making it possible for the large manufacturer to produce articles he had never made before, the small man was able to secure contracts based only upon his actual equipment. Thus, in the long run, the flexibility of big business has been enhanced by the war production it is handling.

It has been estimated that from one-third to one-half of America's productive capacity is in smaller plants. To what extent has the smaller manufacturer been utilized? We know that production for war needs is short of schedule. In the first six months of this year the war plants dropped eleven percent behind. Yet, according to a recent issue of *Business Week*, the general thinking in Washington among those responsible for the placing of war contracts is that the "saturation point" is being reached in the "absorption by the war effort of all businesses, large and small."

Now we have a report which proves that this smaller plant capacity is waiting largely unused. A survey was made by the OWI and the Department of Commerce. It shows that smaller firms have had to reduce their output. Out of 62,000 single-plant manufacturing firms covered, one out of every three reported that they could at least *double* their present production without any new machinery or construction. Altogether almost three-quarters of these firms insisted that they could increase their output by some amount. This survey shows that the smaller the plant the greater the relative amount of idle capacity. Almost half the plants were operating at forty hours or less and most of them had a backlog of orders to keep them going for less than two months. (Compare this with Bendix, which got so much business that when additional contracts were awarded to them the company wrote to find out whether the materials ordered were wanted for this war or the *next!*) More than half the smaller manufacturers either had no war production or their war contracts accounted for a small part of their output and a smaller part of their capacity. Certainly shortages of materials and manpower have forced the curtailment of production in many plants, but in this report we are dealing with manufacturers who could have contributed directly to the war effort. The smaller manufacturers have been unable to raise the funds for war production expansion and it was not until October 17, 1943, that a system was announced for making loans up to $25,000 "more readily" available.

IN MANY cases the armed services or other procurement agencies lean so lovingly on the big operators that smaller ones have found their path beset with trials and handicaps. Only a short time ago the Senate Small Business Committee published its hearings in a typical case, that of the Springfield Boiler Company, which had been trying to get contracts to make boilers for the Victory ships built under the supervision of the Maritime Commission. This concern is over fifty years old and has installed the power plants at a large number of important institutions. Whole families of skilled craftsmen make their living from this firm. The Springfield Company had been making the type of boiler required for our Victory ship program for over thirty-one years, long before these boilers were made by the biggest firm in this industry, Babcock and Wilcox. Yet the Springfield was first given no time to submit bids,

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then required to bid on a type they did not make; then, after pressure from the Smaller War Plants Corporation, they were awarded boilers for twenty-two ships out of 387 being built at that time. After great and persistent efforts, fighting the antagonism of various officials, this manufacturer was finally awarded the boilers for an additional twenty-five ships. On a one-shift basis this represents about fifty percent of the capacity of the plant. Yet in spite of the fact that Babcock and Wilcox were already so jammed up with orders that they could produce no additional boilers for months, seventy-one ships out of the 387 were awarded to this outfit. Another big and favored concern was awarded 103 ships although it had no additional capacity of consequence available for 1943. On top of getting 174 ships these two giant concerns supplied major parts to six other successful bidders.

This story should be read against the background of Maritime Commission activities. Between Oct. 1, 1942, and Jan. 31, 1943, the Commission spent over $1,100,000,000. In this period awards by the Commission to firms designated by the Smaller War Plants Corporation amounted to $1,200,000 or about one-tenth of one percent, and all services, including the Army and Navy, awarded through the SWPC, only seven-tenths of one percent of the business they placed.

NATURALLY the small businessman who is a retailer or wholesaler has problems of a different sort, but he too has been forced to depend upon "business as usual" as the only solution for staying alive. Casualties among smaller retailers have been enormous. Before the war and for many years the trend in the United States has been toward more and more retail outlets. But a recent Department of Commerce survey of fourteen lines of business shows that we now have sixteen percent fewer retail stores than in 1941. In some lines, as in radio and electrical supplies, the drop is as high as thirty percent; in others, like foodstuffs, it is very small. But this average of one out of every eight stores closed is even larger than it seems, for we have averaged 250,000 to 300,000 closings and slightly more openings every year. Now we have far fewer new stores and a net loss in the total number of stores.

The retail business as a whole is very good indeed. This year will see Americans buying more goods and services, and spending more money than ever in our history. In 1943 total consumer purchases will reach the astronomical figure of ninety billion dollars, says the Department of Commerce. That's an increase of eleven percent over 1942 and of twenty-one percent over 1941. On the other hand, in Great Britain "real consumption" (actual commodities by volume) in 1942 was twenty percent *under* 1938, the last year of peace there. Our last peacetime year was 1939, and in 1942 our "real consumption" was thirteen percent *above* 1939.

In some fields the smaller retailer is surviving with difficulty, in others he is actually prospering. For example, for the first time in many years the independent grocer is *increasing* his share of the total food business while the chains are losing ground. When he can stay alive, the small independent merchant sometimes has a few temporary advantages over the chain store. He can buy in small quantities, in odd lots, diverse qualities. He can evade, disregard or hike OPA ceiling prices with comparative immunity. He can buy on the black market. Mark this: in some lines of business a merchant cannot exist, he cannot have stock on his shelves, if he does not buy on the black market.

Retailers have to concentrate all their energies upon getting all the merchandise they can and selling it at the highest prices the traffic will bear. Fantastic fortunes are being made on the black market which delivers steak to sell at ninety cents a pound, butter at sixty-five cents (without ration coupons), and nylon stockings at $5.00 a pair. Weak and negligible enforcement of OPA regulations, no attempt to assure fair distribution of goods, the widespread "bootlegger" psychology of consumer and dealer alike, the encouragement to this state of mind by the traitor press—and by many papers otherwise supporting the war effort—all combine to make the small merchant "business-as-usual" minded. In many cases wholesalers and retailers are driven into black market operations by the actions of big business. This has been so with meat. The Big Four packers, Armour, Cudahy, Wilson, and Swift, have been taking advantage of OPA rulings which give them higher prices on meat going to hotels, restaurants, and institutions. They monopolize that trade and in spite of rulings that their regular customers must be served, the big packers leave both wholesalers and retailers without meat. Naturally the butchers in neighborhoods with higher purchasing power go into the forbidden and often dangerous black market with its uninspected meat. The butchers in the poorer neighborhoods often have no meat. Thousands of meat dealers, wholesale and retail, have been forced out of business.

Pablo O'Higgins

IMMEDIATELY ahead are the most critical months for small retailers. The shortages of consumer goods have become apparent with the turn of the year. The peak months for military demand are approaching. In every field manufacturers are planning to allot merchandise to their customers. Naturally, the smaller, weaker wholesalers and retailers will receive their goods least and last. It should be kept in mind that the heavy selling in 1943 was accomplished by depleting inventories. Thus at the end of July wholesalers' inventories were fourteen percent below a year ago and retailers' stocks were twenty-one percent lower. What is more, the larger establishments built up their stocks early and to huge amounts, while the smaller stores accumulated little or no inventory to meet the rising demand.

Reactionary and defeatist forces have been capitalizing on these difficulties of small business. With every new shortage, with every restriction, every effort at price control, rationing, manpower planning, big business and congressional orators thunder against the "bureaucracy." Opposition to effective inflation control and rationing has been camouflaged as concern for the consumer and for the small businessman. The attacks have too often been met with appeasement. Government agencies hasten to promise relief. The OPA on orders from a tory-dominated Congress throws out its more public-spirited administrators because many of them are professors, and puts businessmen into all the key posts—none of them representative of *small* business! Every cancellation of an order, each concession to business-as-usual pressure, is hailed as a victory.

This is the atmosphere in which small business functions today. The America First crowd and reaction generally make this blitzing of the "bureaucracy" one of their major campaigns, as the recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Stanley Young reveals so plainly. And is it any wonder that the small businessman often echoes these defeatist and anti-administration sentiments? The loopholes in the "controls" are demoralizing. Is material hard to get because of priorities or military requirements? Then promptly middlemen

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appear, who at "premium" prices magically supply the lack. There's a war on—remember? We need munitions and supplies for our own armed forces and for those of our Allies. For your own boys, maybe. True, true, answers the small businessman, *but what should I do?*

The small businessman has none of the monopolists' cynicism, he has never sacrificed his country's interests in loyalty to some international cartel, he is part of the social fabric of our land. Yet powerful forces are driving him into a position that, consciously or not, verges on defeatism. Today he tends to feel that any man, any party which calls for more goods for civilian wants, any group which denounces rationing and restrictions, is expressing his needs. One powerful influence upon the small businessman is the business paper, the trade press. Here is a section of the press which the general public sees not at all and about which it knows next to nothing. But they are papers whose entire livelihood is predicated upon the existence of the industries on whose advertising they thrive. Like the trade associations, these papers have a stake in the pre-war status quo, they are wedded to business-as-usual as an eternal philosophy. And they are unanimous in their view that *their* particular industry must not be disrupted by the demands of the war effort. If you think that the Hearst-McCormick press is vicious in its attacks on the administration, you should read some of the trade papers. The Washington "bureaucracy" is their battle cry of hate. Since most small businessmen are not particularly articulate, these papers are accepted by each industry or trade as its spokesmen.

BOTH the National Association of Manufacturers and its platonic friend, the Committee for Economic Development, have lately voiced their concern over the fate of small business. But all their efforts are directed toward throwing up a smokescreen to hide from the people the truth embodied in a recent statement of the Senate Education and Labor Committee: "America, a land of giant corporations before the war, will emerge from this war with a larger share of its vastly expanded economy controlled by a smaller number of firms."

Speaking particularly of the smaller manufacturers, Vice-President Wallace in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article said, "The small businessman especially fears that, in the stampede for raw materials, he will be elbowed and choked out of the market as he was elbowed and choked out of the major branches of war production. Let it not be forgotten that the Smaller War Plants Corporation came into the picture two years too late, and that a broad section of American small business died, unnecessarily. The small businessman has witnessed and felt the impact of war more keenly than any other section of the American economy."

Big business feels that now it can begin to devote itself to postwar planning, and let things as they are "coast" until the war is over. "Production of home electric appliances such as refrigerators and ranges can be resumed 'within a few weeks after the war,' " says a dispatch from Pittsburgh quoting A. W. Robertson, chairman of the board of Westinghouse. But for small business the war's end will bring new problems, new hardships. We must remember that the fate of small business in adversity is not necessarily to fail or close; it is more often to shrink, shrivel, starve, but go on living. In Nazi Germany, for example, small business until recently was getting a smaller and smaller share of the total volume, but the actual *number* of small business enterprises showed no decline until the latter part of 1942, when the Red Army's winter campaign forced the feverish and ruthless mobilization of all possible manpower.

WHAT then is to be done to keep small business from becoming what Vice-President Wallace called "the number one economic casualty of this war" and the number one dupe of reaction? Obviously, there must be national planning for full utilization of America's productive capacity and manpower if small business is to survive. Granted high national income and a rising living standard for the people, we must still protect small business, as well as the rest of the population, against monopolies and cartels. Particularly must the patent monopolies be curbed and patent rights put on a royalty basis open to all. We must provide the means for small business to operate after the war as many as possible of the new plants the government owns, and to have first choice of the surplus commodities. Long term financing should be made available to small enterprises, and the hypocritical lip-service which the Federal Reserve Banks and the RFC have been giving to the principle of aiding little business, while they sabotaged the weak program, should be made unnecessary—take small business financing out of the hands of these two agencies with their big business bias. A program modelled on that of the Federal Land Banks should prove entirely practical and even permit participation of local smaller banks. Just as the Department of Agriculture gives practical guidance to farmers, so scientific counsel should be available to small business on financing, management, merchandising, operation and promotion—services which only the biggest corporations can now afford.

"Hand-grenade throwers"
Chinese woodcut

Steps should be taken at once to make sure that in the distribution of materials and commodities no discrimination is permitted against small business. If necessary, emergency loans should be made available to permit smaller enterprises to obtain their share. In the termination of war contracts those smaller manufacturers who hold subcontracts and who find today no provisions for easing the shock of cancellation should be permitted to negotiate directly on the winding up of their war production. Loans and allowances permitting them to continue in operation, or to provide lay-off pay while they convert to peacetime production, should be provided.

The Committee for Economic Development has set itself the task of proving that business can take care of the transition to peacetime production without government "interference." That is, to forestall sane and socially-progressive planning for plenty. And its program will mean the doom of small business, but even more important it will mean a more violent anarchy in production than we have ever seen, with its tragic accompaniment of unemployment, misery, and the encouragement of fascist movements. Already there are groups masquerading as spokesmen for small business that exhibit characteristics reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan. Some of them have plenty of money to spend. At least one of them is financed by a notorious America First industrialist. But there is also a rising progressive movement among small businessmen, and such organization should be encouraged.

Clearly the fate of small business is of immediate concern to all progressive-minded Americans, including those representatives of big business who show a capacity for constructive thinking. The labor movement must not neglect this important sector of our social and economic life. The win-the-war-and-the-peace front for 1944 will be strengthened and reaction correspondingly weakened if labor and all progressives take up the cudgels for small business.

FRANK J. WALLACE.

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THE DAILY WORKER

MANY newspapermen hug an archaic notion that newspapermen are not news; that somehow it is unseemly of the press to write about the press. I never could see that and I don't see it today. As a matter of fact journalism is full of its own doings; it is a tradition at least as old as the feud between James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley. As a newspaperman I want to speak here of an American newspaper—the *Daily Worker*—which is celebrating its twentieth anniversary next week. I want to say a few things I have wanted to say for quite a few years. As a matter of personal fact, it is more than a dozen years ago since I picked up my first copy on the newsstands: I believe I know how the battered Continentals felt when they heard Tom Paine read them *The Crisis*.

The *Daily Worker* confirms my belief that journalism can be magnificent. I need no crystal bowl to tell me how old Paine would have felt about it; my belief is fixed, that it is a great newspaper by the standards of our revered pamphleteers and journalists. Paine would have called it great, would have read it every day, would have been an editor of it were he a contemporary. Garrison would have cherished it; so would Frederick Douglass and Wendell Phillips. I doubt if James Gordon Bennett, father of yellow journalism in this country, would have recognized its worth any more than his twentieth-century successors; but Charles A. Dana, who published Karl Marx' dispatches in his *Tribune*, would have respected it even if he differed with it.

IT ARRIVES on my desk every day flanked by the sleek New York *Times* and the other morning press. Often I think, how would the soldier at the front fare with a daily diet of these papers. I know what a newspaper means to men in battle: I saw it in a great war, the war of Republican Spain. Never will I forget the grimy men lying on the banks of the Ebro when the trucks came up from Barcelona bearing the newspapers for the warriors of the *Frente Popular*. *Mundo Obrero*, *Frente Rojo*, and the other organs of the Republican coalition meant more than ammunition, more than bully beef and bread. The men reached for their papers as a soldier on leave clutches his child: reverently, lovingly, passionately.

There it was I first saw the full worth of the *Daily Worker*. It used to arrive three weeks late, battered and crumpled by the long journey across the Atlantic and over the Pyrenees. But ask any American volunteer in the International Brigade what he felt about it; ask Sergeant Bob Thompson, DSC, and the other Brigaders. They'll tell you. They saw in it the truest spokesman for the survival of democracy in Spain; they realized that the *Daily Worker* alone of American newspapers in that day understood why they had crossed the ocean and climbed the Pyrenees to come to Spain. I saw men go into battle with it folded in the pocket of their blouse. I saw the paper dyed with the blood of those who had come to Spain because they saw in that front the first battlefield for the defense of democracy in America. It is that kind of paper. It is journalism at its apex.

FOR journalism can be magnificent. Recently on a tour across the continent I had occasion to talk to many splendid men and women on a score of newspapers in as many states. I felt their anguish and sensed their dream. They spoke their deep concern at the inadequacy of our national press. With honorable exceptions the journals of today, they felt, had fallen far short of their obligations in this great war. They had a dream, every man jack of them, of a journalism at maximum in which the newspapermen could combat the slinking, all-too-prevalent fascist idea here, as the soldier fights the fascist himself on the battlelines. They sought to combat racism, slothful industrial methods in war production, disunity—all the evils our homeland is prey to today. They wanted to be soldiers on the home-front under our Commander-in-Chief; instead they had orders to snipe at him as though he were the chief enemy.

Then once again I saw the *Daily Worker* in its full stature: it stood a head higher than any other publication I read. It teaches, it crusades, it organizes. Its record of truth is incomparable; its analysis of events is deeper, more accurate, more canny than any other American journalism. Check back sometime and see for yourself. Let me cite but one contemporary instance: its recognition of the truth in Yugoslavia a full year before any other newspaper. You can multiply this example as you scan back through the years.

And more: I wish to register my gratitude for its unceasing vigil on behalf of our national culture. No popular aspiration is alien to its pages. Pregnant with the humanism of our people—Walt Whitman would have understood it well.

Think back on its campaigns: who fought so valiantly to rescue the arts projects in those dark depression years when the Bourbons sought to dynamite our culture into oblivion? Think of its unceasing campaign for a cinema commensurate with its potentialities; drama, poetry, art. Truly, the poet who wanted bread—and roses—may well have asked for that in the pages of the *Daily Worker*.

IT WAS my privilege to work for a number of years on its staff. I know, at first hand, its hardships and its achievements. I know the tireless, talented men and women of its staff who won't take No for an answer. Come storm, come peace, they are at their post, genuine tribunes of the people. I know what added miracles they would have wrought had they the means. Art Young, that incomparable journalist, said the day he died that he got his facts and got them straight—by reading the *Daily Worker* every day. A whole generation can say the same.

And the paper is only twenty years old: powerful, keen, alert, it is the hardest-hitting in American journalism. I wish it a long, fruitful life. I know that that is its destiny: one can see that from its record. And I know it has just begun to fight.

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FACT AND FICTION

Reviews of recent books. Lincoln's patronage problems. . . . A novel about American life from the eighties to the present. . . . Eyewitness accounts of the present war.

LINCOLN AND THE PATRONAGE, *by H. J. Carman and R. H. Luthin. Columbia University Press. $4.50.*

THIS book chronicles in exacting detail the patronage activities of Lincoln's administrations. It describes the ravenous groups, the shameless hounding of the President for sinecures in the midst of carnage and mortal national danger, the tact, courage, practicality, and shrewdness of Lincoln as a politician, and the significance of these qualities in evaluating the stature of the martyr, and in assisting him to accomplish his historic task. As a convenient and accurate summary of these data the volume is invaluable to students of Lincoln and the Civil War period.

The work, however, falls short on several counts. It dismisses with the remark "wholly unfounded in fact" Lincoln's often-repeated opinion that the Dred Scott decision was a deliberately planned and timed act—partaking of the character of a plot—on the part of slavocratic forces to bolster their cause. Such an assertion is not warranted by all the historical evidence and its rather glib manner is hardly courteous to the memory of the book's hero.

Lincoln and the Patronage rests too heavily on the work of T. H. Williams, whose *Lincoln and the Radicals* makes it appear that men like Phillips and Stevens were the great enemies of the American cause during the Civil War, rather than men such as Davis and Vallandingham. As a result the work tends in the same direction and confines to inconspicuous footnotes, evidence that Lincoln himself fully appreciated the distinct service the Radicals performed for the cause of freedom by consistently and deliberately demanding more than *at the moment* could be obtained. It is past time that a work carefully attacking the political history of the Civil War from that point of view appeared, to expose the fallacious interpretations of men like Williams and Milton and Craven.

The volume lacks, too, sufficient emphasis upon a basic point mentioned but once, and then in a quotation on the last page. Certainly political removals and changes were very frequent during Lincoln's administrations, but it is only in a quotation from his Secretary of the Navy that the essential fact of their *necessity*, in terms of the continued *existence* of the nation, is indicated.

The expediency of patronage handling and its brilliant execution by Lincoln, considering the heterogeneity of his political support, is made clear, is indeed the book's thesis. But the *necessity* of political removal and replacement in view of the Civil War then raging, and in view of the traitors within the ranks actively supporting reaction's counter-revolutionary stroke is nowhere pointed out, let alone made clear.

In some ways Lincoln's patronage problems were similar to those of Buchanan and Johnson (with which they are compared), but they also—and in large part—differed. And the difference was precisely that between expediency and necessity. The choice in Lincoln's day was not merely between Whig or Democrat, but between national existence and the survival of representative government or disintegration and the revival of the reign of the booted and spurred.

This might well have appeared in the meticulous factual chronicle produced by the authors. HERBERT APTHEKER.

Rags to Riches

JOURNEY IN THE DARK, *by Martin Flavin. Harpers. $2.75.*

THE selection of this book as the Harper prize novel of 1943-44 was a cautious choice with which neither the publisher nor the judges shinnied out on any kind of limb. Although no one will acclaim *Journey in the Dark* for freshness of tone, talent, or point of view, very few, even the carpers, will be more than mildly displeased. Mr. Flavin has not previously reached a wide audience and he has written a creditable novel about American life from the eighties to the present day. It is a novel of character which avoids all excess and contains enough narration to be mildly interesting, enough history to develop perspective and nostalgia, and enough critical evaluation to make it seem wise and just. The book is warm, and soft, and hazy—the kind which is usually called mellow.

Mr. Flavin traces the life of an American businessman from rags to riches. Cutting a middle course between the success story and the social indictment, he portrays Sam Braden as a man who earned a minor fortune and made nothing of his life. As a young boy in Wyattville, Sam felt the whiplash of poverty and began to run from it without maps or guideposts to direct him on his journey. Taught to covet things, Sam wanted only to make a lot of money fast. He made it—by shrewd and tricky deals and by the ruthless exploitation of his workers. With money Sam got most of the things he yearned for—the possessions and position of affluence. But he found no satisfaction in his achievements, no meaning or fulfillment in his years of getting and spending. In lonely old age he looks back upon an empty, frustrated life spent groping in the dark for some undefined and unchartered good.

Although Sam is no copybook hero, neither is he a villain. His acquisitiveness was limited by instinctive decency which gagged at the trickery and exploitation of business. He was loyal and generous with intimates and respected their minds even when he failed to understand or agree with them. Although he was acquiescent, his sympathies lay with the oppressed, and especially with Negroes, whom, as a boy, he had learned to respect. In Sam there was a continuous conflict between inherent decency and the dog-eat-dog attitude of rampant individualism. The result of this conflict was an uncertainty which tempered his career and thwarted his life. Against Sam Mr. Flavin has brought a soft impeachment while implying that society is also guilty, with extenuating circumstances.

Sam is logically portrayed in a series of flashbacks, but one never becomes well acquainted with him. While developing his attitudes, desires, and general cast of mind, Mr. Flavin omits or merely refers in passing to whole facets of Sam's life and neglects those intimate details of manner and of mental and emotional reactions to people which personalize a character. Since the other aspects of the novel are introduced as they affect Sam, they are even more generalized. The minor characters are credible types rather than full-bodied individuals. Life in a small town and the economic and ideological development of the nation are represented in outlines which are sufficient for orientation but are too broad for critical penetration. From this background Sam emerges as the thwarted product of a natural environment.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

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War Correspondents

WHERE'S SAMMY? *by Sammy Schulman. Random House. $2.50.*
HERE IS YOUR WAR, *by Ernie Pyle. Henry Holt. $3.00.*
BRIDGE TO VICTORY, *by Howard Handleman. Random House. $2.50.*
VERY TRULY OURS, *edited by James Waterman Wise. Dial. $2.00.*

STRICTLY speaking, *Where's Sammy?* is not a war book at all. It is a jerky, autobiographical account of the life of one of Hearst's news photographers, to whom everything and everybody appears solely in terms of camera and news value. A new pope, Bruno Hauptmann, President Roosevelt, the Russo-Finnish war (he felt very sorry for the Finns), and the Casablanca Conference are all the same to him, except for the sort of breaks he had in taking the pictures and getting the films developed. Even the fact that he landed with one of the first waves at Fedala means almost nothing to Sammy; it was just another chance to take some pictures. Presumably Sammy is a nice little guy. Certainly he has taken some good and important pictures. His book is fair professional gossip. But he is so concerned with surfaces that it never occurred to him that events can have a meaning, and his whole story adds up to about as much as a yarn overheard at a bar.

ALSO from North Africa, with considerably more understanding, comes the compilation of Ernie Pyle's columns, *Here Is Your War*. He doesn't pretend to be a military expert. The task he set himself was to describe the day-to-day experiences of the GI Joes and the life of a correspondent among them.

Pyle seldom expresses an opinion about the political aims of the war. He condemns darlanism as a policy because it made the French mistrust our motives and future behavior. He also reports that by the end of the campaign the soldiers thought more about victory than about going home. On the whole though, except for a few paragraphs, the book is entirely anecdotal. Ernie Pyle's gift is his ability to pick out characteristic and significant anecdotes, so that those at home can learn from him exactly how our fighting men in North Africa lived, amused themselves, got on with the French and the Arabs, ate, washed, fought, and died.

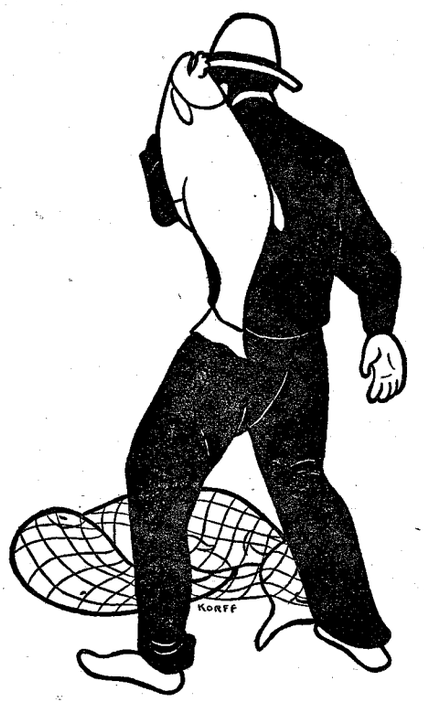
FROM the other side of the world, the Aleutians, comes Howard Handleman's *Bridge to Victory*. Handleman is an INS correspondent, and the book has the faults and virtues of the average correspondent's book. It gives a picture of the endless mud and cold that are characteristic of the best of life in the Aleutians, outlines briefly the strategy of the Attu campaign, and graphically describes the men and the fighting under conditions which barely sustain life.

As to the faults, they are the common ones of a correspondent's quick writing. No particular illumination is cast on the nature of the war or of the enemy. The book as a whole is inclined to be badly put together. There are too many names and addresses of men met only once—a syndicate correspondent's device to sell papers in home towns. And there is a lot of irrelevant detail about the correspondent's own non-military activities. But as an excellent eye-witness description of still another fighting front of this global war, the book has its place.

EXCEPT for everyone's interest in the lives, activities, and feelings of our fighting men, there is no reason why letters from them should be any better written, more instructive, inspirational, or entertaining than letters written by the same people in civilian life. But because the war is the central fact in all our lives, the letters from service men collected in *Very Truly Ours* make very interesting reading indeed. They are simply letters written home, not for publication, from training camps and the fighting fronts—letters from guys who miss their wives, or were moved by a burial at sea, or are fascinated by the strange far places where they find themselves, or tell what it's like to be fighting, or report on discrimination and democracy where they are serving, and on their food, comrades, and pets.

If these letters make any sort of cross-section, most Americans are pretty swell. They are apt to kid around about both their hardships and own feats of valor. They are often capable of clear and exact descriptions of action and places. They are quick to learn that other peoples are very much like themselves. They are somewhat sentimental about home and their wives and girls and children, and respecters of religion and moral strength even if they're not strongly religious themselves. In other words, they still sound like people you know.

SALLY ALFORD.



Brief Reviews

WEATHER AROUND THE WORLD, *by Ivan Ray Tannehill. Princeton University Press. $2.50.*

IVAN RAY TANNEHILL, formerly chief of the Marine Division of the US Weather Bureau, now heading the critical Division of Synoptic Reports and Forecasts, has taken the weapon of weather apart, and gives a fine, lucid account of what makes for proper reporting and forecasting the rains, snows, fogs, and sleets. If you want to know what sort of climate your husband, son, brother, or sister, are facing or are about to face—this book describes it.

It also dispels many of the cliches about heat and humidity and gives simple, scientific facts on the state of the weather. Mr. Tannehill's book covers 185 key areas with graphic descriptions and he has supplied artistic photographs, maps, and diagrams for illustration. Besides the usual explanations of winds and clouds found in other books, there are the whys and wherefores of St. Elmo's fire, the roaring forties, waterspouts and monsoons. But the author is not talking about the "accident of weather." For to him "weather is the logical consequence of natural causes, and the weatherman's job is to predict that consequence as accurately and as long ahead of time as possible."

THE LEGACY OF NAZISM—THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF TOTALITARIANISM, *by Frank Munk. Macmillan. $2.50.*

HERE is another book on the destructive consequences of Hitler's rule in the occupied territories of Central Europe. Dr. Munk comes to the conclusion that future generations will consider the years of totalitarianism as "years of the locust" and as the "breaking point of one era and the threshold of another." Along with President Benes, the author believes that "the consequences of the present war, whether we like them or not, will be far-reaching and, perhaps, revolutionary." Dr. Munk also believes that the ties which have bound the world to legalism, tradition and legitimacy are loosened to the last degree. In his opinion, the havoc which was inflicted by totalitarianism upon the old economy of Europe has reached a point where it may only be possible "to channel" developments toward a new social and economic order, but not to dam them.

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"LISTEN, PROFESSOR!"

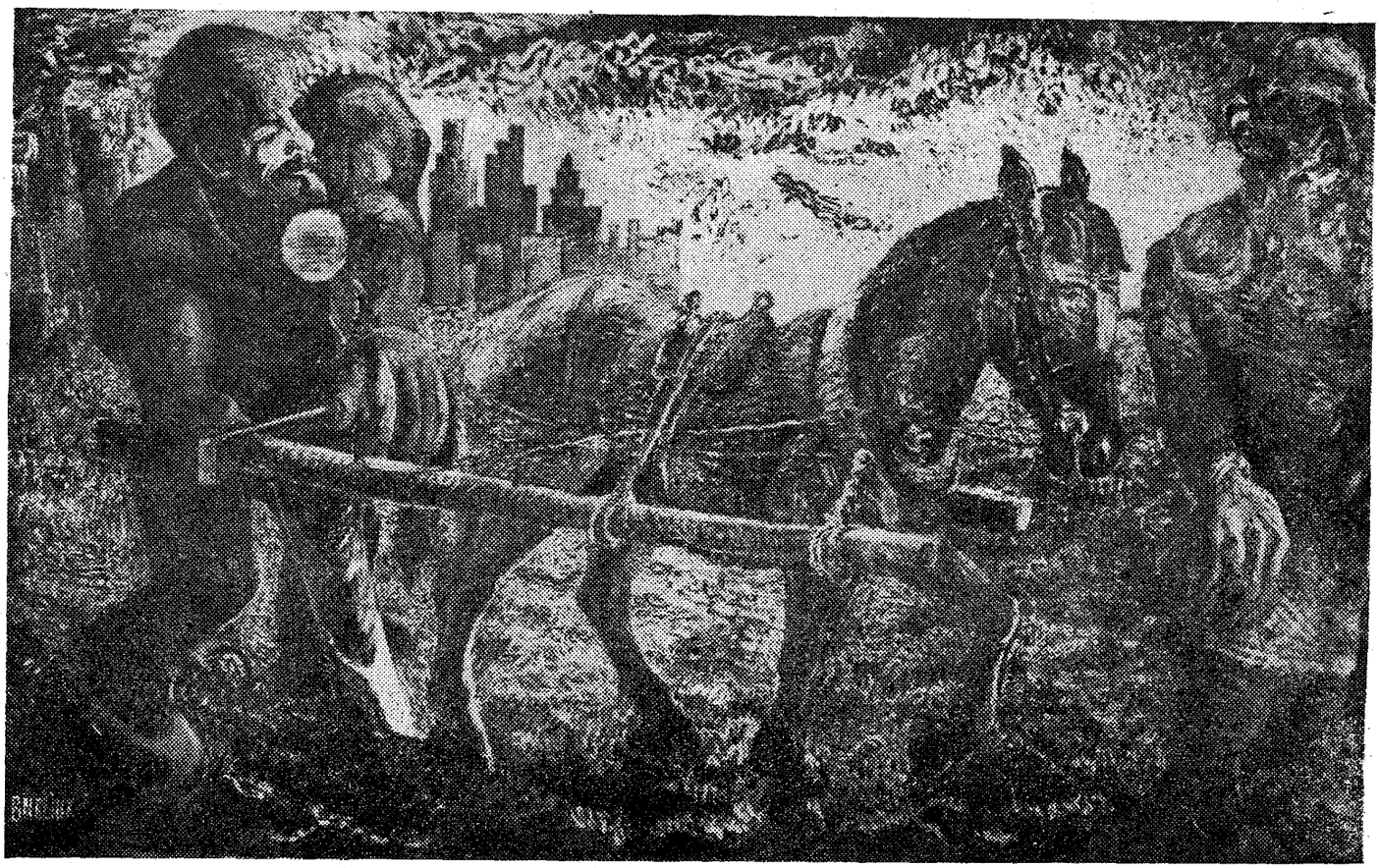
Peggy Phillips' adaptation of Alexander Afinogenov's play is a warm portrayal of ordinary Soviet life before the war. "A notable occasion." Reviewed by Samuel Sillen.

UNLIKE such adaptations from Soviet plays as *Counterattack* and *The Russian People*, *Listen Professor!* does not deal with the war period. This is in some respects a disadvantage, for the play cannot borrow excitement from events which, even in the barest newspaper statement, have a dramatic impact; the mood is strikingly relaxed by contrast with the life-or-death tension of the battlefront. But the study of a pre-war family has its own advantages which Peggy Phillips explores with great intelligence and skill in her adaptation of Afinogenov's play. By dramatizing, in heart-warming terms, the human values that permeate Soviet life in "normal" times, the play deepens the meaning of the war. For we can explain the quality of the Russians' fight only when we have understood their way of life before the invasion.

The friendship that develops between Professor Okayemov and his fifteen-year-old granddaughter is an illuminating experience for both. The old student of manuscripts at first builds a wall between himself and Masha. The trouble is not that his world of books and manuscripts is unimportant—far from it—but that he separates his scholarship from the world of the living. He is unconsciously cruel to Masha, whose capacity for feeling he scarcely suspects. And she in turn cannot realize the wealth of her grandfather's personality until he thaws out in the sunlight which she and her school-friends bring to the house.

THROUGH the professor, Masha's generation feels its kinship with the past. The youngsters, whom the professor begins by resenting, bring him into a living relation to his society that he learns to prize above all other things. Bridging the two is the middle generation represented by Leonid Karayev, former student of the professor, now an engineer, and Nina, the opera singer whom Leonid loves. All three generations are united at the end in a new comradeship which suggests the organic unity of Soviet life.

The situations are drawn from ordinary life and achieve a simple intimacy that is refreshing after all the *Janies* and *Junior Misses* of our stage. There is great warmth of feeling here which never shades off to sentimentality, because it is always unmistakably authentic. And if we laugh many times during the play, it is never at somebody but always with him. We laugh not because we feel superior, but because we recognize that, yes, we too have the little failing that has just been revealed.



"Unconquerable Russia," by David Burliuk, currently on exhibition at the ACA gallery.

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Such qualities, and they are richly communicated in Miss Phillips' sensitive prose, more than make up for a certain looseness in the dramatic structure of the play. I feel that the production tends too much to subordinate Masha to the professor. Perhaps the difficulty is inherent in the original script (though, significantly, it was called *Mashenka*), but I rather suspect that some of the undramatic curtains are due to the fact that our attention is drawn to the grandfather to the exclusion of Masha. The process of discovery, which is the dramatic crux here, should be seen as mutually and simultaneously affecting both generations.

The varied roles are given sympathetic expression. Dudley Digges is a commanding figure as the grandfather and Susan Robinson is an appealing Masha. Martin Blaine's Leonid is forthright, though at times too nervously energetic. Viola Frayne is a bit sandwiched-in as Masha's mother. The children are splendid, particularly Michael Dreyfuss as the charmingly sententious Senya Marshak. The setting by Howard Bay is superb in its depiction of the cloistered study that is being stormed from the ante-room.

This production is a notable occasion, for it introduces in Peggy Phillips a new writer for the stage who shows considerable resourcefulness and understanding. Appropriately dedicated to the memory of Lem Ward, whose untimely death deprived our stage of its best young director, *Listen, Professor!* deserves a good long run on Broadway. The Nazis killed Alexander Afinogenov, but his work lives on to nourish our faith in the decent human being whom he portrayed so delightfully.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

DAVID BURLIUK

Moses Soyer discusses a great painter and his work. "The people who own his pictures love them and would not part with them."

BEFORE I write about the pictures of David Burliuk, currently on exhibition at the ACA Galleries, I would like to say a few words about their creator. Burliuk is sixty-two years old. His life has been rich in experience, travel, and achievement. He has known the world's great. He was Mayakovsky's teacher and Maxim Gorky's intimate friend. He came to America more than twenty years ago, already famous as the father of Russian futurism, a seasoned veteran of many artistic and political battles. "Before I came here," he tells Michael Gold, "I had grandiose and exotic dreams of Java and Thailand as my home. But I picked the United States —it seemed to me the most romantic of all the new worlds, and I have not been disappointed. It is a great continent. It has taught me patience."

Yes, Burliuk is a most patient and industrious man. For twenty years he lived in an East Side cold tenement flat, working as an actor, proofreader, journalist, and feature writer. At night he studied and painted. Although a small group of artists, collectors, and art lovers knew him and his work and prized him for his genius, general recognition in this country came late in life. It is only in the last few years that his work has begun to sell. The people who own his pictures love them and would not part with them. I know a young girl whose sole possessions, literally, are the clothes she wears and a small landscape by Burliuk, which she acquired on the installment plan. "I don't need a room with a southern exposure," she says blithely. "Wherever I hang my sunny Burliuk, there is my home."

Raphael Soyer owns a little self-portrait by Burliuk, painted some two years ago. In it he painted himself in a thoughtful mood, seated at a table with his hand resting upon an open volume. Other objects scattered about on the table are a globe, a watch, a glass of wine, and a frugal still-life of fruit and bread. In the background are shelves filled with books by his contemporaries — Mayakovsky, Aseyev, Kamensky—and on the wall hang paintings by his friends, which he loves to collect. In the corner on a pedestal one discerns Noguchi's bust of Burliuk's wife, Mary. Painted in a serious, almost solemn vein, as the old masters did at times, one feels that Burliuk represented himself in this painting as he would like to be known to posterity.

ON ENTERING the ACA Gallery, I was impressed by the amazing vitality, bouyancy, and fantasy of the canvases. With the exception of the painting "Unconquerable Russia," the subject matter is of the Burliukian type that is so well known: brightly dressed girls with blue, yellow, and red cows; variations of his famous "tea-drinkers," especially the very forceful "Tolstoy drinking tea at the home of Widow Kopylov." The portraits of Lenin and Stalin on the wall add a quaint anachronistic note to the picture. There are also peasants at work and play, Gloucester fishermen, East Side streets, etc.

"Unconquerable Russia" is a huge, rich, sombre tapestry of a painting. It depicts the giant figure of Tolstoy in the foreground and Lenin plowing against an apocalyptic sky. This painting was begun in 1925 and completed this year. The figure of Lenin shows traces of futurism (an earlier phase of Burliuk's art) while Tolstoy and the rest of the picture are painted in what Burliuk likes to call the "palette style." The functional distortion of the figures and the general color scheme unite the two styles and create the powerful whole. Truly, the great culture and leadership and rich resources of the land that make Russia unconquerable are passionately symbolized in this painting.

"On the Shores of Dnieper" is a memory picture of the rich Ukraine full of sunshine, life, and song as it must have been before the Nazi scourge laid it waste. One cannot but be moved deeply by this lovely painting.

A BURLIUK exhibition is never complete without a portrait of his wife. This contains two. One of them shows her seated at a window with an open book; in the other she is painted in her garden at Hampton Bays, surrounded by lilacs. Both are tenderly painted tributes to his lifelong companion and collaborator.

One day in my studio in the course of conversation, I said to old, one-eyed Burliuk, "I have seen you in many moods: cheerful, explosive, sarcastic, but never in a melancholy one." He gave one of his characteristic unexpected answers. "My dear friend, why should I be unhappy? My life is behind me." Then, smiling, he added, "Good artists become more optimistic and diligent as they get older. Didn't Cezanne build his largest studio four years before his death and didn't Renoir paint his gayest pictures with the brushes tied to his paralytic hands?"

MOSES SOYER.

Martha Graham's Art

The major new work of a modern dancer.

MARTHA GRAHAM, America's greatest modern dancer, recently gave her first Broadway recital in two seasons before a sold-out house. Two new works were presented: a solo, "Salem Shore," and "Deaths and Entrances," which used, in addition to Miss Graham, a company of nine dancers. "Punch and the Judy," also a group work, concluded the evening.

"Salem Shore," a ballad of longing for the return of a man at sea, at this first

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showing, had little to recommend it choreographically save an intensity of projection on the part of the soloist. The music by Paul Nordoff was a definite impediment. A score that had neither melodic nor rhythmic interrelation with the dance, it refused to remain in the background but kept piping itself into a prominence far in excess of duty.

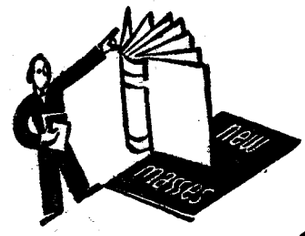
"Deaths and Entrances," the major new work, concerns three sisters (the Bronte sisters are suggested prototypes). It tells of "the restless pacings of the heart on some winter evening. . . . There are remembrances of childhood, certain dramatizations of well-known objects, dreams of romance, hatreds bred of longings and madness. . . . There are deaths and entrances of hopes, fears, remembrances, dreams, and there is ultimate vision." [From the program notes.]

This remembrance of things past is externalized by the evocation of three remembered children and the struggles between "the dark beloved" and "the poetic beloved" for the possession of one of the sisters. The episodes, building to a climax of profound personal frustration and almost insane bitterness, are fragmentary, tangential, oblique—a panorama of long-submerged experience summoned up out of a deep well of loneliness.

It is to the credit of Miss Graham's unquestionable talent, her great personal technique, and the brilliant support of her company, that this framework, overladen with symbolic as well as psychiatric terms of reference, does not obscure powerful sections of highly charged dancing. It is doubtful whether the rapt audience was completely privy to the "plot"; but it certainly was not left untouched by the passion of the movement; the uncanny integration with Miss Graham's moods of Jane Dudley and Sophie Maslow, the two other sisters; the stolid hardness of Erick Hawkins contrasting with the incomparable litheness of Merce Cunningham.

Martha Graham's art has always been characterized by constant experimentation with new forms and new contents. "Letter to the World" several years ago marked the advent of a new trend. Miss Graham's programs are no longer dance recitals. They are theater—the unique theater of Martha Graham. The company is no longer a cohesive group of dancers in the formal choreographic sense. They are "characters," as listed on the program. Here we are meeting up with a type of poetic, symbolist theater where the "drama"—the poetic line—is projected through movement rather than words. The primacy of choreographic composition in the dance has made way also for a special pattern of dramatic movement, which uses an objective symbol as a point of departure for the dramatization of subjective emotions.

This pattern, which takes the real and



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makes it possess truth only in the realm of the imaginary, has set its seal on all of Miss Graham's recent works. "Deaths and Entrances" calls itself "a legend of the heart's life." "Letter to the World" is "laid in the shadow world of Emily Dickinson's imagination." Even her two comedies—and Miss Graham's sense of the comic is as incisive as it is exquisite—do not depart from this mold. "Every Soul is a Circus" projects the escape of a silly woman into a psychological circus of her own. And in "Punch and the Judy," Judy escapes her daily existence with Punch by fleeing "into a dream world with Pegasus."

It is not within the province of a topical review of this sort to expand on the philosophic implications of such thinking as it manifests itself not in an isolated instance, but chronologically over a period of time. This reviewer hopes to be pardoned the indiscretion of quoting from his own review of Miss Graham (NEW MASSES, March 11, 1941) on the premiere of "Letter to the World." "Her works exposed a creative impulse which was egocentric, not social; an inner vision which was mystic, not derived from the real world; and evolved a statement which was negative, not affirmative."

That still holds for "Deaths and Entrances."

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

A Turkey

"DOCTORS DISAGREE," the new Rose Franken play, is as ripe a piece of Gorgonzola as you will find outside the confines of the point-ration system. The main idea of the play, if you will permit me to say that it has a central idea, is the old problem: "Can a woman be a wife and have a career?"

From the first lines of the play, you know that poor Barbara O'Neil, who strives mightily to be a successful woman surgeon, is going to take an awful walloping, second only to the punishment suffered by the innocent bystanders out front. Says the maid as the curtain rises: "It ain't natural for a woman to be a doctor." If you're still around, I'll tell you why. It's because, as Miss Franken explains, 'Women are a lunar mystery." I must confess that at first the meaning of this gem escaped me, but in the wrangle between the male doctor and the aforementioned protagonist of woman's professional rights, whom he wants to marry, all becomes clear. A lunar mystery is a woman who chucks the opportunity to acquire a husband for the sake of a profession and who will then wake up one day to discover that she has ceased being a doctor and has become a woman. Woe unto the day. She will face a lonely future, unloved, childless, with empty success as a consolation. The woman doctor stills her quivering chin, and with all the scientific

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detachment at her command, says out loud in the presence of all the people, "I will let you love me." Her companion matches nobility with nobility and will have the real McCoy or nothing.

After a few twists in plot, the lady gets a chance to perform a delicate operation. She comes through with her pennants snapping in the breeze. Do all her malingners come forward and apologize for all the wicked things they said about surgery in petticoats? Not a bit. Instead, she is a freak, a sport of nature, "one woman in a hundred (or maybe a thousand) that breaks into man's world . . . etc."

The cast maintains a fine aplomb in the face of the lines that I am certain must cause them endless embarrassment. Philip Ober, Barbara O'Neil, Dolly Haas, Ann Thomas, do their best to add a few raisins to the sour dough the playwright mixes, but if the author chooses to linger at the turn of the century, intellectually, then what can *they* do?

JOSEPH FOSTER.

"Mr. Penn"

A film about the men who founded our democracy.

THE Christmas trade has proved a bit more colossal than I anticipated. Consequently I never got within hailing distance of *A Guy Named Joe*, currently housed at the Capitol Theater. *Joe* will have to wait a week. The only theater entrances which did not appear to threaten loss of life and limb were the Criterion and the Fifty-fifth. These featured respectively *His Butler's Sister* and *The Courageous Mr. Penn*. Of the two, *The Courageous Mr. Penn* stands in greater need of a good word from this department.

Except for a twelve-year-old accompanied by his nurse, I made up the entire audience. The more to be wondered at—*The Courageous Mr. Penn* is a decidedly worthwhile product. I only wish that more of its kind were around. The piece it speaks can take repeating.

Mr. Penn devotes itself to relating (perhaps in too simplified and too sober a fashion, but with the best of intentions and considerable skill) how it came about that the English Quakers left their native land and fortunes and settled in the New World.

Though the film was made by a British studio five years ago, it is cherishably free of the empire tub-thumping that marred so many British historicals of the period. But that's putting it negatively. More positively stated, the tone of *Mr. Penn* is unimpeachably progressive throughout and provides valuable insight into the minds of the men who founded our democracy. That this British film has

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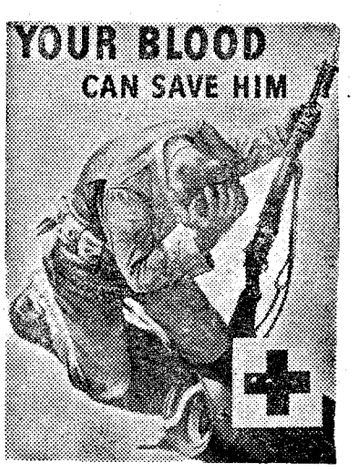

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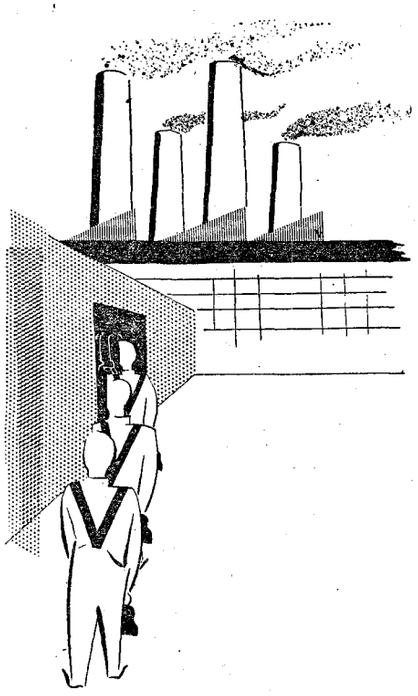
altogether too few American counterparts is a matter that calls for remedying.

Mr. Penn is even more effective, in point of fact, it comes to fullest life as a testament of defense of every man's right to trial by jury and the immunity of a jury to judicial coercion. You can put the trial scene beside its equivalent in *Zola*. It's every bit as good and as moving. And in addition *Mr. Penn* serves to introduce to film-goers in this country two performers whose efforts are decidedly easy to take, Clifford Evans and Deborah Kerr. Lance Comfort directed.

THE special pleasantnesses of Deanna Durbin go a long way toward making tolerable Universal's latest raid on the sugar market—*His Butler's Sister*. Miss Durbin, in spite of her apparent artlessness, has always impressed this reviewer as a performer who put in a good day's work learning her business, and I respect her for it.

One of her routines in *His Butler's Sister*, a medley of Russian cafe tunes—if that's the kind of thing you like—sung in Russian and very creditably, is further proof of her industry. Director Frank Borzage and actors Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Akim Tamiroff, et al., make fine with the bit of fluff writers Samuel Hoffenstein and Betty Reinhardt worked up in the pantry. It seems Durbin is under the impression that her brother is a Park Avenue millionaire, but she errs. It's her brother's employer who corners the blue chips, which makes everything delightful. One simply doesn't marry one's brother. Now, do one? As dear "Fats" Waller used to say.

DANIEL PRENTISS.



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A Special Issue of New Masses devoted to

LITERARY AND OTHER CULTURAL MATTERS

This special number will be the first of a series, published approximately every eight weeks, in which literature and the arts occupy the entire magazine except for necessary editorial coverage of the week's events. There will be short stories, poems, critical articles on books and literary trends, music, art, the theater and films, as well as material from the wider fields of culture such as education and science.

The editors are happy indeed to be able to announce the completion of this project, which comes in answer to our readers' expressions of interest, as well as our own recognition of the need for and importance of such special, thoroughgoing treatment of the cultural front. The issue that appears next week will include the following features:

"The Negro in American Culture" by **Alain Locke,** Professor of Philosophy at Howard University, author of "The New Negro" and other critical works on Negro cultural contributions.

"History in Fiction": A discussion by **Howard Fast,** author of "Citizen Tom Paine"; **Henrietta Buckmaster,** author of "Let My People Go"; **William Blake,** author of "The Copperheads."

"County Fair" by **Meridel LeSueur,** author of "Salute to Spring."

"An Approach to Character in the Film" by **Robert Rossen,** film director, author of the screen play "Edge of Darkness," etc.

"Poetry: Red-Baiting Victim" by **Isidor Schneider,** author of "Comrade Mister," "From the Kingdom of Necessity," "The Temptation of Anthony, and Other Poems."

Poems by **Genevieve Taggard, Edwin Rolfe, Sol Funaroff, Eve Merriam.**

Articles and reviews by **Nicolas Slonimsky, Samuel Putnam, Daniel Prentiss,** and others.

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